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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for NOVEMBER, 1942

Cover Design	Bradshaw Crandell
The Spielers—George Luks	4

STORIES

Janey and the Junkman—Nancy Titus. Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander	8
The Stamp of Approval—Marjorie Paradis. Illustrated by Merle Reed	14
The Sky-Blue Trailer, VII—Carol Ryrie Brink. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg	21
Harvest Home—Edith Ballinger Price. Illustrated by Leslie Turner	24

ARTICLES

Wish Come True—Sophie Goldsmith. Illustrated with photographs	5
Wings Over the Marsh—Raymond S. Deck. Illustrated with photographs	11
Favorite Cookie Recipes of the Young Stars—Helen Grigsby Doss. Illustrated with photographs	18
Glamour Drill—Helen Hatcher, Illustrated by Miss Elliott	30

POETRY

Winter Comes—Elizabeth-Allen Long. Decoration by Richard Bennett	17
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GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

Signs of Service Cheerfully Rendered by the Girl Scouts	26
Girl Scouts—100% Americans—Ethel Rusk	28
A Challenge to the Minute Maids of 1942—Harriet Elliott	49

DEPARTMENTS

American Girl Patterns	32	A Penny for Your Thoughts	44
In Step with the Times—Latrobe Carroll	34	Laugh and Grow Scout	47
"Name-Your-Own" Comics, IX—Orson Lowell	36	Winner of the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Contest for September	48
What's On the Screen?	38	American Painters Series, LII—George Luks—M.C.	50
Good Times with Books—Marjorie Cinta	40		

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

NOVEMBER • 1942

WISH COME TRUE

A TRIBUTE TO RACHEL FIELD

By SOPHIE GOLDSMITH

A writer who can delight children and adults is a rare person—such was Rachel Field whose books are treasured by old and young



"HITTY" DANCES BY CANDLELIGHT IN ONE OF DOROTHY LATHROP'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR RACHEL FIELD'S "HITTY: HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS"



ANOTHER ENCHANTING ILLUSTRATION BY DOROTHY LATHROP FOR RACHEL FIELD'S INCOMPARABLE STORY ABOUT AN OLD-TIME DOLL

*"I want to be wise as the oldest star,
"Young as the waves and
grasses are!"**

THAT is what Rachel Field wrote, back in 1934. Perhaps no one could ever fully attain such a goal, but when Rachel Field died on March 15, 1942, she had come undeniably near to realizing her wish. She had written books for children and for the teen ages—of which *Hitty* is probably the most familiar to you; and one of her novels, *All This, and Heaven Too*, had scored a great success and had also been made into a motion picture which was as successful as the book. What was her secret? Why did her wish come so near to realization?

Rachel Field was essentially a creative person—one of the most creative I ever knew—and that, in a way, holds the answer to our questions. She had creative blood in her veins, being the great-grandniece of Cyrus Field, to whom America owes the Atlantic cables. To people like Rachel, it is a great

*From "Branches Green," published by The Macmillan Company

The illustrations on this page are by courtesy of the Macmillan Company



RACHEL FIELD AT HER TYPEWRITER WITH HER DOG SPRIGGIN PROVING AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE. MISS FIELD LOVED DOGS AND UNDERSTOOD THEM. SHE HAD A SUCCESSION OF THEM

privilege and a most interesting experience just to be alive—and such people are constantly urged by their own creative natures to prove this in some way to the rest of us. They may express their feeling by painting, or writing, or dressmaking—or, as Cyrus Field did, by invention. With Rachel Field, the creative spirit kept cropping up in everything she did, before it assumed its finest expression in her writing.

I visited her several times on Sutton Island, off the coast of Maine, where with her mother and her aunt, to both of whom she was devoted, she spent many summers. Sutton Island is just across the bay from Northeast Harbor, and after the motorboat had chugged us across Northeast Harbor to Sutton, Rachel would insist on trundling the luggage up to "The Playhouse," as she called her cottage, on a huge wheelbarrow. None of the friends who visited her there will forget the combination of Maine spruces and sunshine and Rachel's warm laugh. Tall and vibrant, pushing back her auburn hair as she talked, her gray-blue eyes sparkling, she vehemently refused any help in

pushing the wheelbarrow, and we made our way to "The Playhouse" in its wake.

No wonder Rachel declared that Sutton Island influenced her writing more than anything in her life until her marriage. Carpeted with moss and bunchberries, hollowed into little pools over which harebells hung in fragile security, it had a charm which reached a climax in her little house. With that creative gift of hers, she was always translating the charm of the island into different forms, and the walls and shelves of "The Playhouse" breathed Sutton Island in every nook and cranny. Sometimes it would be an arrangement of berries and flowers; sometimes a hooked rug designed by herself and picturing some characteristic Sutton Island scene—perhaps the sea gulls whose swooping beauty enchanted her, or a lighthouse whose stones knew the secrets of the Maine coast. Often her subject was a dog, for she loved dogs with a devotion which never faltered through a succession of them. During one of my summer visits, the Scottie whose tiny bell on a green collar tinkled with delight whenever she came in sight was Spriggin, best known of her dogs.

On one occasion that summer, we went to the woods to pick mushrooms at the end of a day which had been so happily crowded that everyone had forgotten about supper. But when six o'clock came along, being blessed with healthy appetites we suddenly remembered it, so we snatched baskets and went to gather mushrooms. Under the circumstances, wouldn't you have thought that the mushrooms themselves would have been the first consideration—that gathering them quickly and cooking them pronto would have been uppermost in Rachel's mind? No, indeed! She picked a sizable quantity and guided my own inexperienced fingers; then she started arranging the mushrooms in circular designs, with bits of blueberries decorating hers, and Indian pipes to hide the scantiness of mine.

Every day on Sutton Island seemed more beautiful than the last. Sometimes before breakfast we would gather on the porch to watch the curtain of mist roll up from the Fels estate across the water; then would follow breakfast in our kimonos, with coffee and toast made over the living room fire and carried to the porch steps to be enjoyed with sunshine and memorable talk. Spriggin, waiting patiently near, was never disappointed in her expectation of bits of toast, liberally spread with the cranberry jam from Sutton Island's or Cranberry Island's own berries. The jam was a specialty of Rachel's Aunt Kitty, whose fine cameo profile was bent over its manufacture that summer.

But if breakfast was fun, it was nothing to the spell of the evenings when Mrs. Field would read aloud. Reading aloud had always seemed to me something reserved for invalids or blind people until Rachel's mother taught me its possibilities. She would choose one of Sarah Orne Jewett's stories, or some bit of neighborhood history such as *The Story of John Gilley*, and in her voice and inflection the spirit of Maine and Massachusetts would spring to warm life. During the reading Rachel would be designing a new rug, perhaps, throwing covetous glances at my lisle stockings. When it came to her hooked rugs, no material was safe, and she would look hopefully for signs of wear and tear in any article of clothing. When she had claimed the garment, Aunt Kitty would cut it into the strips Rachel used in her rugs. The tan of lisle stockings was a great favorite of hers, hooked artfully to make the roofs of tiny cottages, or the undersides of mushrooms nestled at the foot of a tree.

Before going into the other reasons which, besides her



Photograph by courtesy of the author

ANOTHER POSE OF RACHEL FIELD AND HER WELL LOVED DOG, SPRIGGIN



Photograph by H. S. Latham

A SNAPSHOT OF RACHEL FIELD TAKEN WITH LITTLE HANNAH, THEN SIX MONTHS OLD. IT SHOWS HER IN HER HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA HOME

broad creative gift, made Rachel's wish come true, let's see how the external events of her life shaped and molded her. She was born on September 19, 1894, in New York City, but the family moved to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, shortly afterward, and it was there Rachel spent the first ten years of her life. She went to a school which was kept by two old ladies, one of whom taught substantial subjects like arithmetic and geography, while the other supervised poetry and dramatics. From the beginning Rachel clung to the second and avoided the first. Although she was unwilling to learn to read and write, because there was always someone who would read aloud to her, she memorized

whatever she listened to without any trouble, and so had a delightful time acting in plays without really studying her lines. When she was nine, she played Shylock in her beloved teacher's version of *The Merchant of Venice*, and also *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Many years later, she was to write a characteristically appreciative article about Kate Douglas Wiggin, Rebecca's creator, for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—



FAR LEFT: A VIEW OF MOUNT DESERT FROM SUTTON ISLAND, MAINE. LEFT: THE CLIFFS OF SUTTON ISLAND. BELOW: A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE WAVES, ROCKS, AND SOARING GULLS OF THE RUGGED COAST OF MAINE



probably some of you still remember reading it.

About 1904, she went to a public school in Springfield, Massachusetts, where no brilliance of memory was allowed to substitute for hard work. Here she always shone in writing compositions, but arithmetic, and later algebra and geometry, were the bane of her life—so much so that when she was through school, she decided to find a college where she could get a B.A. degree without having to include them in her course. Her splendid work in writing had helped her win an essay prize for which three schools competed, and in view of that, and of her record of work in English, Radcliffe College accepted her as a special student. Nowadays that would not be possible. There are colleges (such as Sarah Lawrence in Bronxville and Bennington in Vermont) for specially gifted girls, but on the whole, the day of the "special student" in the big colleges is over. Rachel combined her special student privileges with further special ones under Professor Baker, who gave his famous "English 47" course in playwriting. She studied playwriting with him for two years. One of the best things she did during that time was a short play called *Three Pills in a Bottle*, which was played all over the United States and is a special favorite with high school dramatic groups.

When you read *Three Pills in a Bottle*, you'll see the beginning of another reason that was to make Rachel's wish come true. It is a play about a sick boy, Tony, whose mother, before she went out to work, left him three pills to take. But Tony gave all three away, although he knew that they were precious. Never mind how he gave them and to whom—the point here is that Tony gave away what he actually needed, and in so doing, he was cured. Such generosity was a part of everything Rachel Field did, thought, or wrote. And the more she gave, the more her gifts seemed to grow.

Shortly after *Three Pills in a Bottle* was written, her college days at Radcliffe were over, and she took a job writing synopses of books and plays for a motion picture company—and found working with other people's ideas much less interesting than expressing her own ideas in poetry and plays. However, she afterward felt that the job had taught her a great deal, and curiously enough, it actually made her do more original work instead of less. Having very little time for the crea-

Sutton - July 17, 1920

Dear Sophie,

Incredible though it seems we are really here on our front piazza - & the sea is blue and salted, and the hills dim and high and a gull or two swooping, and, well, you can feel in the rest for yourself. I wish you were here, and you know we all want you if there's any chance of your getting north. Do try it and see if the coffee won't agree with you at Playhouse as it doesn't in other places? I mean this & you can just write & I promise to be at the train this time.

This is a sheet from the pad in my Goldsmith and clear

LETTER FROM RACHEL FIELD TO SOPHIE GOLD-SMITH, WRITTEN FROM SUTTON ISLAND, MAINE

tive work she most wanted to do, she wanted to do it all the harder. Usually girls working at their first jobs use their spare time chiefly for fun and friends. But though Rachel always managed to have time for these—especially when anyone needed her friendship or help—she had so much to give that job and fun were not enough. She had to have still another way, not only of showing her keen sense of the wonder and beauty of life, but of sharing it. Gradually her first book of verse, *The Pointed People*,* took shape. One of the poems goes this way:

"Isn't it strange some people make

"You feel so tired inside

"Your thoughts begin to shrivel up

"Like leaves all brown and dried!

"But when you're with some other ones

"It's stranger still to find

"Your thoughts as thick as fireflies,

"All shiny in your mind!"

That second stanza might have been a photograph, in verse, of Rachel Field herself—but she was probably thinking of the editors she had learned to know, who had been watching her poetry—published in magazines before it appeared in *The Pointed People*—and her plays, which had also by this time appeared in book form. There were several editors who believed in her work and who helped her thoughts to come "as thick as fireflies" by so doing. Writers need people who believe (Continued on page 45)

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JANEY and the JUNKMAN

by
NANCY
TITUS

"Yes-We-Can Janey" not only dramatizes the salvage campaign, she glamorizes the junkman, to the delight of West Haven



IT WAS a warm Saturday in early fall, and the town of West Haven was mosquito-busy, as it always was these days. The factory stacks on the North Side cast up smoke which flattened itself, umbrella fashion, on the autumn haze; night-shift workers from the Pure Food plant, now manufacturing foodstuffs for the Army, straggled along Main Street, weary-eyed and heavy-footed. A girl in the uniform of the Motor Corps whizzed by on a motorcycle. Women hurried to their first aid and nutrition classes. People thronged in and out of the stores, with their big *Air Raid Shelter* signs and their window stickers crying, "Buy Defense Bonds!" But Janey Lewis, intrepid redhead of Mariner Troop 5

of the West Haven Girl Scouts, was as unaware of the activity as though she sat on a large pink cloud far above the town and the rest of the turbulent world. Her bright eyes were preoccupied. Absently she twisted a button of her uniform between thumb and finger. The makeshift earpiece she had constructed for her glasses from milk bottle wire had come loose and hung away from her ear, dragging the spectacles sideways over her small straight nose.

Not that she was idle. She was just thinking. She stood with her feet planted wide apart, surveying a large placard she had nailed to the telephone pole outside the First National Bank.

Tad Tyler, her "best enemy and worst friend," stood beside her, tall and lean in his Boy Scout uniform, running a hand over his short-cut hair. Farther down the street the other two thirds of that Mariner trio, Mac Porter and Candy Jamison, were fastening a similar card, and on the other side of the street two members of Tad's troop were occupied with the same task.

Janey heaved a sigh and twisted the button entirely off.

Tad said mischievously, "Eat it, Red! It's a chocolate cream."

She stopped with her hand half way to her mouth and dropped the button into her pocket. "Tad, you goon! I would have eaten it."

Tad grinned. "Control yourself, my friend. I haven't quite finished knitting your strait jacket. Purl one—knit two—"

"Well," Janey said, "I'm concentrating."

"I know," he said with mock sympathy, "and you aren't responsible for what happens at a time like that."

Janey ignored him. She was studying the sign again. "Do you think it will have any effect?"

The card was white, with three dots and a dash in bright red across the top. Below, big black letters read:

*Don't Be Ignorant
of the Scrap Campaign.
Such Ignorance Is Blitz!
Salvage Drive No. 3*

"It's tricky," Tad said, stepping back to appraise the sign. "Yes," Janey said in a discouraged tone, "but will it do the trick? Tad, people are tired of the scrap drive. You can't blame them, I suppose. Everyone is so busy, they haven't time to think about collecting their old rubber and



Illustrated by SYLVIA HAGGANDER

metal and rags and paperboard. We've had two drives so far and collected a lot—but not nearly as much as there is in West Haven. And this last campaign is simply stalled."

"I know," Tad agreed. "There must be a tremendous lot we haven't even touched. It's not as if it were just West Haven—this covers the whole township, Birchmore and Oak Point, too—and that's over ten thousand people. But what more can we do?"

A voice behind them said, "You're doing plenty, kids."

Janey turned and saw a tanned soldier surveying the sign.

"I'd say the posters you Scouts are putting up are the next best things to throwing firecrackers in front doors," he said.

Tad said, "Hi, soldier! You think it's okay?"

The soldier laughed. "It makes with the punch. Keep hitting 'em. We need all we can get." He went on, whistling, and Janey turned to Tad.

"It's nothing to what *he's* doing. Simply nothing. Did you register for the draft, Tad?"

"Don't be dumb. You know I didn't. I won't be eighteen until next spring."

"Don't you wish you were?"

"Yes," he said shortly. "Come on. Let's get another poster up."

As they walked down the street, Janey said, "Tad, we've got to make this drive a success. We've got to make people remember all the things they have in their attics and cellars and back yards. I wish we had a regular junkman to help us. Someone like that could do some good."

"Thought we did have a junkman in West Haven."

"We did, but I don't know what happened to him. He was an awfully nice man. His name was Reiner, or something like that. He helped us get half the furniture for Yes-We-Can House. But he hasn't been around for over a year, and I heard he was out of business. He—look, what's happening down there? That bunch of kids Mac and Candy are trying to separate!"

Tad gazed ahead and saw the group of urchins, milling and shouting, and the two Mariners attempting to disperse

THE BRIGHT RED WAGON WITH ITS CATCHY CAMPAIGN SLOGANS BECAME A FAMILIAR SIGHT ON THE STREETS OF WEST HAVEN

them. "Looks like they need us to give a little help."

They broke into a run. At Tad's advent the crowd of tough youngsters disappeared like wild animals before a torch. Only one child was left, a tiny girl about four, an odd little figure, holding her hands before her face.

Candy tossed back a strand of her short brown hair. "Oh, Tad, I'm glad you came."

"What's going on?" he demanded.

Mac Porter, blond and pretty, put her arm around the child's shoulder. "They were teasing her—poor little thing! She's only a baby—but babies can feel teasing as much as anyone."

Janey looked at the little girl, and her mouth twitched even while she felt pity. Someone had had most peculiar ideas about dressing her. Her long light hair was pulled back tight from her little face and tied with a white cord; she wore a dress of hideous purple material that came nearly to her

ankles, and she clutched the strangest doll made from a corn-cob on which a face had been painted, and rags which formed the body.

Janey said gently, "What's your name?"

Candy offered, "She can't tell. Those little beasts frightened her so."

Tad dropped to one knee. "Where do you live?"

The child opened her mouth as though about to howl, thought better of it, and her long sandy lashes lifted from big blue eyes. She put out her hands to Tad.

"What does she want?" he asked, bewildered.

Mac said, "To be picked up. Golly, have you got appeal!"

Looking sheepish, he hoisted the little girl to his shoulder.

She beamed. "Wanna go home. Choo-choo."

Janey said, "Could she mean she lives by the railroad? Your house near choo-choo?"

The child nodded. "Way—way—way."

"But there aren't any houses way out near the tracks," Tad said. "Oh, wait—that's where the junk yard used to be. She couldn't be the junkman's kid, could she?"

Janey said patiently, "Little girl, does your Daddy have a horse and wagon? Does he have a great big yard full of funny old things?"

"Horsey gone," the child said, clutching Tad. "Horsey all gone. Great big fire."

"I wonder—" Tad began. "Well, come on, we'll have to take her home." He strode off, the girls at his heels.

"TAD, I BELIEVE THE SCOUTS HAVE DONE IT AGAIN!" JANNEY CRIED ECSTATICALLY



They found the spot that had once been the junk yard. A weather-beaten sign read, "Scrap of All Kinds," but the yard that had once held piles of junk was denuded of everything, including grass, except a dilapidated sofa and several towheaded youngsters, who were shouting and clambering over one another. At one side was a sagging frame house in need of paint, with many tar-paper patches on its roof. But someone had made an effort to improve the place, for honeysuckle had been trained over a trellis by the door, and bright red cotton curtains hung in the windows.

In the yard before the house, a little man with a thatch of light hair bent over a washtub. The four went toward him, Tad leading the child—who suddenly dropped his hand and rushed forward crying, "Daddy, Daddy!"

"I see she's yours, all right," Tad said with a friendly grin.

The little man smiled warily. "Looks like she is. Where did you get to, Bessie?"

The child buried her face against him and began to whimper. "Naughty people—naughty. That man nice." She pointed at Tad.

Her father patted her head and raised tired blue eyes. "Were they teasing her?"

"Oh, a little," Janey said. "You know how mean kids can be."

He nodded. "Oh, yes, I know. I can't keep the children dressed proper. If Elsa was still here—but none of the girls is old enough to know her way around with a needle. I just can't afford to buy ready-made clothes, so I do the best I can."

Janey's eyes were rapidly going over the place. The empty yard. Behind the house a pile of blackened wood where she seemed to remember having seen a barn. The fact that, though he pretended to use it, one of Mr. Reiner's arms hung useless.

She said casually, "You've gotten rid of all your junk."

He answered, "I'm not in business any more."

He had not meant to say more, but when he looked at the four sympathetic faces, words seemed wrung from him. "It seems like once trouble gets your number, she keeps on calling you. I used to have a pretty nice business. I wasn't just what you'd call a ragpicker. You remember, Miss—I found you a lot of things when you were fixing up that house. I like doing things like that. I didn't think so much that I was collecting junk, but that I was picking up things some folks didn't want that could be fixed over so other folks would want them. I was doing all right. My wife, Elsa, was living then. The kids were always clean and the house was fixed up nice, and there was always plenty to eat."

"Then Elsa died, just when this war started. She had appendicitis and the doctors said she had complications, but I know she didn't want to get well. She grew up in Germany, you see. She kept saying, 'Fritz, Germans aren't bad people—what do they want to do this for? To make the world hate them.' A boy who was her favorite cousin was in the Nazi army, and I know it broke her heart. And after she died—well, there were so many bills I had to pay off, and we never did have much money."

Candy cried, "Why didn't you go down to Welfare? People should have been glad to help."

He shook his head. "I promised Elsa that whatever happened I'd look out for the kids and I wouldn't take charity. Maybe it was pig-headed, but I thought I'd get along and pay my debts off like an honest man. But right after that I got hit (Continued on page 31)



WINGS over the MARSH

By RAYMOND S. DECK

Waterfowl migrations, impelled by ageless instincts, are filled with mystery

Photographs by the author



A MALE REDHEAD DUCK (FORE-GROUND) AND A CANVASBACK

ONE evening at sunset, William Cullen Bryant was standing in the Massachusetts outdoors he loved so well, when he saw a lone wild duck flying high overhead. It was flying north because it was spring, moving along fast and surely, seeming to know exactly where it was going.

The lonely duck flying north against the glowing red sky was a beautiful sight. Mr. Bryant was so moved that he wrote a poem about it, "*To a Waterfowl*." In this famous poem he described the mystery of the wild ducks' knowing just where to go to build their nests. He said he was glad nobody could harm high-flying sunset ducks, "as, darkly seen against the crimson sky," they vanished into the distance.

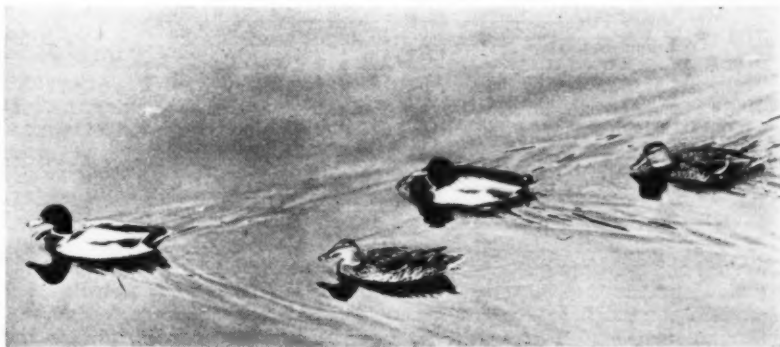
In Bryant's lifetime people knew very little about birds, except about ways to kill and cook them. Quite possibly the poet himself didn't know what particular kind of wild duck he was watching; almost certainly he didn't know in what part of the North it would build its nest when its journey ended. People had not the slightest idea, at that time, where birds came from, or where they went as the seasons changed. It took much exploring to reveal such secrets. Early residents of Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, and other States with similar climate merely knew that

every spring and autumn huge numbers of waterfowl appeared for a few days on their lakes and rivers, then disappeared.

In Virginia, Florida, California, and other warm States, children and grown-ups saw big flocks of waterfowl only in winter. Girls and boys in Canada and other Northern areas never saw any ducks in winter, but whenever April came they were thrilled by ducks and geese which came streaming in by thousands. These birds scattered all over the North as the ice melted away, to rear ducklings and goslings. As soon as these youngsters were grown up, all of them flew away again.

To most Americans, in earlier years, a duck was merely a duck. People were so busy getting food to eat and clothes to wear that they hadn't time for learning birds' names. Of course, gunners noticed that some of the ducks they shot were big and some little; that some sorts were beautifully clothed in red, green, and purple feathers while others were plain brown. But usually a person just said, "There goes a wild

MALLARD DRAKES BOAST WHITE COLLARS AND LUSTROUS BLUE-GREEN HEADS, BUT FEMALES ARE QUIETLY DRESSED IN BROWN



duck!" and let it go at that, without further questioning.

Today things are different. In the years since *"To a Waterfowl"* was written, naturalists and explorers have unraveled many of the secrets of bird life. If you see a duck zooming across the sky—and get a good look at it—you can go to the library and in two minutes find an illustrated book to tell you what its name is. You can quickly find out whether it is a golden-eye duck, a baldpate, a redhead, or some other kind. As soon as you know its name, you can find out without trouble in what part of North America it lives in summer, and also in winter.

Suppose, for instance, you spy a big white duck with a rust-colored head flying overhead tomorrow. It probably is a canvasback duck. Probably it is on its way from northwestern Canada to the sunshiny waters of Chesapeake Bay, in Maryland. If, on the other hand, you notice a bantam-size brown duck with powder-blue ornaments on its wings, it is a blue-wing teal, and it very well may be journeying from Ontario to a jungle lake in Central America. Your grandmother never could have found out such exciting facts about ducks when she was a girl.

I was twelve when I first read the poem, *"To a Waterfowl,"* but it made such an impression on me that, ever since, I have considered ducks and geese among the most interesting of all birds. I never miss an opportunity to go outdoors and observe waterfowl. I like to watch the birds as they fly North in spring, eager to build nests and rear their families. In summer I enjoy going on hikes to marshy places for occasional glimpses of furry brown



WILD BLACK DUCKS PAY NO ATTENTION TO AN INQUISITIVE COCKER SPANIEL—THEY SOON LEARN THAT WILDLIFE SANCTUARIES ARE SAFE



MALLARDS AND BLACK DUCKS RESTING ON A SANCTUARY LAKE IN SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS. "BLACK DUCKS" ARE CHOCOLATE BROWN; BOTH SEXES ARE THE SAME COLOR

ducklings. Best of all, though, I like waterfowl in frosty autumn. To me, ducks and geese hurrying past in their long, mysterious journeys are just as much a part of October as hickory nuts and jack-o'-lanterns.

The more you know, the more interesting the world is. You might think everyone would take the trouble to learn a little bit about bird life. Yet a lot of people still don't understand the spring and fall journeys of birds. Like the early settlers, they think that when the weather gets chilly in autumn, the birds of their summer dooryards just fly straight south until they reach a pleasant winter climate; and that other kinds of birds come straight down the slope of the

world to winter near their homes. Bird travels usually are much more complicated than that. Many migratory birds—the kinds that fly off in autumn and return in spring—spend their winters and summers in small, special areas, and reach these homes in a strange manner. Take the blue goose, for instance.

If you care to stop reading for a couple of minutes at this point, you can really learn something about blue geese. Please hunt up a map of North America, and get a penny (or a button) and a paper match from a match-book. Cut the match in half and throw away one piece. Lay the other half along the southern rim of the State of Louisiana where it touches the Gulf of Mexico.

Now look around near the top of your map till you locate Southampton Island, in Canada's cold, bleak Hudson Bay. Put your penny down on this island. The penny now covers up the summer home of practically all blue geese in creation. Thousands and thousands of these big, slate-colored birds (most of them have snow-white heads) spend every summer in the little area covered by your coin. They rear their goslings on the tundra and marsh of this subarctic region. The birds lead a pleasant summer life there.

Then autumn comes. Reeds in the marshes turn golden, the wind becomes damp and biting, the northern lights flash bright in the night skies. In family flocks, in great roaring sheets, all of the blue geese in the world start south. For the first few days they just loaf along, resting and feeding whenever they feel like it. At James Bay (just below the lower edge of your penny) they stop over for some little time.

But the Canadian wilderness steadily grows colder. Ice forms on the fringes of James Bay as woodlands about your



ABOVE: BROADBILL DUCKS SKIM THE WATER OF A RIPPLED LAKE. RIGHT: CLOSE-UP OF A CANADA GOOSE WHICH NESTS IN THE FAR NORTH AND WINTERS IN OUR SOUTHERN STATES



home flame with red and yellow leaves. At length the blue geese—thousands, tens of thousands of them—rise into the sky. Nature has told them it is time to go. With loud, joyous honking they start on a mighty flight to Louisiana, to the far-off strip of marshland covered by your paper match. That is the winter home of all the blue geese in the world. In journeying to this far-off region, they will have no food and no rest, for they fly non-stop.

The Louisiana coast is warm and wet. It is the sun-drenched world of marshes where the Mississippi River empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Alligators live there, orange trees thrive in the sun. Louisiana isn't one bit like the cold tundra about Southampton Island in northernmost Canada. It seems strange to me that blue geese should fly between two such different lands every autumn, not even stopping to eat, but this they do.

Another kind of waterfowl that makes a strange journey in autumn is the American brant. This bird looks a good deal like a Canada goose, except that it is smaller and its head and bill are shorter. Most brant rear their young in Greenland, far off the American coast, in the North Atlantic Ocean.

Every autumn tremendous flocks of American brant fly west from Greenland to Hudson Bay, in Canada. On this "inland ocean" they undoubtedly see many of their distant cousins, the blue geese. But when they leave Hudson Bay, they do not head for Louisiana, as their companions do. Instead, they point their blunt bills toward the southeast. Moving first to the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, then south along the New England coast, finally they come to rest along the shores of the mid-Southern States. They congregate throughout the winter on the warm coastal waters between New Jersey and North Carolina.

Like the blue geese, all American brant winter close together. But some other kinds of waterfowl have various winter homes in different parts of the continent. The canvasback duck has more than one winter home. In autumn canvasbacks flow out of their nesting grounds in western Canada in two main aerial streams. One of these goes to the region of the Gulf of Mexico, the other to Chesapeake Bay. If your home is far removed from either of these two paths, you are not likely to see many canvasback ducks, when you are taking an autumn nature hike.

The same principle applies to other kinds of waterfowl, and to other States and Provinces. Girls in parts of British Columbia, California, and Texas, in autumn can watch thousands of white "snow geese" from the western Arctic. Anyone who visits certain lakes in eastern North Carolina will

be thrilled by the sight of enormous numbers of black-necked Canada geese from elsewhere in the Far North. People in many other States will rarely see these kinds of birds.

It is more fun to think of waterfowl in terms of where they come from and where they go, than merely to memorize the colors and markings of the different sorts so you can repeat their names. Still, many of the thirty-odd kinds of ducks found in North America are so handsome that it is pleasant merely to learn their names. Most drakes, or male ducks, are much more colorful than the females. The pintail drake, for instance, is silver-gray and white, with a velvety brown head. The mallard drake boasts a white collar beneath a blue-green head so lustrous that it glistens like polished metal. The female ducks of both sorts are plain brown little creatures. This seems unjust, but it is really a good arrangement. If the females were brightly colored, it would be terribly easy for sharp-eyed foxes to discover them on their summer nests. Then you know what would happen to Mrs. Duck!

Waterfowl face more dangers in their autumn travels than songbirds do, as they are eagerly sought by gunners for sport and food. Because of this, they are timid. It is much harder to get a close-up view of a duck than a robin—and that makes ducks all the more interesting. An autumn hike can become an exciting adventure indeed if you discover a flock of wild ducks on a pond and stalk them, the way hunters do. To do this, you crawl slowly along on your stomach, keeping behind trees or bushes, until you come close enough to see them at close range. It is quite a job to do so without scaring the birds away.

The most pleasant thing in any kind of nature study, I think, is figuring out some way to help the creatures you are interested in. One kind thing you might be able to do for ducks and geese is to help establish a sanctuary for them—a "landing field" where they can rest and feed safely in the course of their long journeys. Thousands of farm ponds and park lakes in the United States could be made into waterfowl refuges with little trouble. I am sure that any park commission will be glad to let a Scout troop, or other group with an adult leader, develop a public lake as a resting ground for waterfowl.

(Continued on page 42)

THE STAMP

By MARJORIE PARADIS

MIDGE folded a red War Savings Stamp in Cellophane, twisting it into a spill at one corner while she eyed admiringly the row of completed flowers. They really were pretty! Poinsettias, she called them. An artificial calyx surrounded by five red stamps, the stem a velvety green pipe-cleaner, and two green stamps for leaves. Twenty completed, five more to make, and twenty-five dollars already turned in—her share in the Duncan Hall War Savings Stamp drive.

"Hi, Midge, unlock the door! What's doing?"

Wendy Gates, at the click of the key, pushed into the room, her head bristling with aluminum curlers. "Looks like the Flower Show in here. That's what I came for, mine." She picked up one of the sprays, holding it against her curlers to view the effect in the mirror. "They're swell! Honest, Midge, you ought to patent them."

"Nothing original about War Stamp corsages," disparaged Midge, although pride shone in her wide-spaced gray eyes.

"And I'm sorry, Wendy, but I'm not distributing them until Monday, like I said. That's why I had the door locked."

"But if they're ready—and me with a heavy date?"

"I know, and I'm sorry, but I have a swell idea. Quentin Hamilton's mother is head of some War Conservation meeting in Boston this afternoon. He has to give out pamphlets and I've asked if I may try to peddle these poinsettias at the same time."

"Our flowers that we've paid for!" shrilled Wendy.

"I'll make another batch tomorrow," Midge assured her.

Wendy nodded understandingly. "You'll sell 'em all, but isn't it an awful lot of work?"

"Oh, sure!" Midge flexed her fingers and tried not to think how proud she'd feel if she sold fifty dollars worth of stamps. "Have to make a few sacrifices."

"I'll help you, Midge." Wendy tilted some books off a chair and brought it over to the table. "And another thing! Maybe my arithmetic isn't so hot, but five ten-cent stamps in the flowers and two quarter stamps in the leaves makes a grand total of one buck."

"Well, you didn't get gypped. That's what you paid!" Midge worked as she talked, her fingers moving deftly.



"STOP," HE ORDERED, AND
GETTING OUT OF TIN'S CAR,
HE TOOK TO HIS HEELS

of APPROVAL

"But—" Wendy pointed to the neat squares of Cellophane, the half dozen pipe-cleaners, and the almost empty box of calyxes—"who pays for the rest of the junk?"

"That's my donation." Midge completed the twenty-first flower and set it with the rest. "I'll have to buy some more."

"You're disgusting, Midge," sniffed Wendy. "You make me feel like a rat. If you do sell this batch, let me finance the next lot, please?"

Midge grinned and nodded. The additional expense had worried her. Wendy also proved of invaluable help by producing a florist's box stuffed with green wax paper, which made an excellent background to show off the poinsettias.

QUENTIN and Midge had planned to go to Boston by bus, but Tin called for her in the Hamilton family sedan.

"They let me take the car—had to stop at the printer's," he explained, for his own jalopy had been put up for the duration and nothing short of war work set the wheels of the sedan rolling. He put the box of flowers on the floor beside the pamphlets, in the back of the car, and slipped under the wheel.

Midge sank down into her seat with a sigh of satisfaction. "Oh, Tin, if you could only drive at two miles an hour! I'm getting so auto-crazy, I'd be willing to sit in a car in a garage."

"That's an idea! I'm telling you, it feels mighty good just to have the wheel in my hand." Although he ambled along at a minimum speed, the eighteen mile drive into Boston melted all too rapidly to please them.

Illustrated by
MERLE REED



*There were two boxes of flowers
—one for Uncle Sam and one
for his niece—and when they
were mixed up, plenty happened*

"Of course you couldn't drive in second, that would take more gas," reasoned Midge.

"And we have to get those pamphlets folded before the meeting gets out at five." Quentin stopped for a red light.

A soldier dashed out of a florist's shop, carrying a white box. He beckoned to them. "Do you mind?"

"Hop in," agreed Quentin and, reaching over, he opened the back door.

"Could you step on it?" begged the soldier as Tin shifted gears with deliberation.

"Right-o," conceded Tin. "You guys don't have too much time off. We're heading straight down Beacon Street to the Congregational Church."

"I'll tell you when I want to get off," interrupted the private.

Midge shifted around in her seat and tried to smile at him, but he didn't look at her, didn't look at anything, just stared straight ahead. He might have been good looking, she thought, if he would stop frowning and biting his lips. His restless fingers played a tattoo on the box until a jolt sent it sliding to the floor, after which he continued to drum on the knees of his olive drab trousers.

"Stop," he ordered suddenly, jumping out of the car as precipitously as he had entered it. Calling "Thanks a lot," he tucked the box under his arm and took to his rubber heels.

"Is he running toward his best girl, or away from her?" laughed Midge. "I wish you could have seen him, Tin.

No order into battle could possibly scare him so much as whatever it is he has ahead of him now."

"Naturally," sympathized Quentin. "Probably going to pop the question. Wowie!" He mopped his own forehead, pushing back the fan of disorderly straw-colored hair.

At the church they were given a table in a side room, where they folded pamphlets feverishly for the task was bigger than they had anticipated.

They had only just finished when the sound of voices warned them that the first people were arriving for the meeting.

"I think I'll pin one flower in my hair as an ad,"

Midge said, talking to herself as she slipped off the deep cover of Wendy's flower box.

Then she dropped the box lid in dismay. Her nose, even before her eyes, warned her of the mixup. Artificial flowers made of War Stamps don't smell like a rose garden.

"Tin! O, Tin! Look!" She thrust out the box in which lay a dozen dewy-headed red roses. "What'll we do?"

The enormity of the situation gradually unfolded. Twenty-five dollars, good as cash—gone! Disappeared under the arm of an unknown soldier. Twenty-five girls had bought those flowers, bought and paid for them. Midge was responsible.

"Golly! The soldier must have taken your box and left this!" Quentin burst into laughter.

"It isn't funny, Tin."

"But it is—it's a howl! Where's your sense of humor, Midge? Picture the girl's face when she opens the box and sees a bunch of War Stamps."

"But the stamps were sold—and they're gone! Twenty-

five dollars worth! I'll have to buy more for the girls."

The considerable sum of money sobered Quentin. "We'll hunt up the soldier and swap boxes, that's all."

Midge was almost in tears. "How will we find him?"

"That shouldn't be hard. He wasn't any pickpocket. He's probably looking for us."

"Then he could have found us! You told him where we were going." A sob escaped her.

"Look, Midge, you go to the car and wait for me. I'll find Mother—and she can get some glamour girls to deal out these pamphlets. Be with you in a jiffy."

Midge sat in the car and wept large blisters on the box cover. Twenty-five dollars! A fortune! Lots of the girls, like Wendy, had received extra money from home for the drive, but she hadn't; and now—why, even her father and mother considered long and seriously before spending twenty-five dollars.

Quentin came along, whistling. He winked at her, pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, eyed it dubiously, then, reaching through the window pulled out the show handkerchief from her suit pocket and handed it to her. "Here, mop 'em up. This'll be something to hook your mind on when you're old—and as soon as we get the right box back, you'll agree with me that it's pretty funny."

"Sure, if it ever comes out all right," she agreed, her voice muffled by the plaid handkerchief. "But now you're here, what are we going to do? What *can* we do?"

"Some detective work to locate the guy. We'll start where he got off."

"But after that he may have gotten another hitch," said Midge.

"Sure, sure. That's what we must find out."

It was difficult to decide at which corner the soldier had made his exit, and they drove further than Midge thought they should.

"This is the street all right," Quentin insisted with conviction. "I remember his hot-footing it past that vegetable store—and how I expected him to take a header on some lettuce leaves. See, Midge, that's the way crimes are unraveled, a thread at a time."

Midge said nothing, but she had a new worry. If they did find the soldier and he denied having the stamps, how could they prove he wasn't speaking the truth? And if he were honest, why hadn't he returned the poinsettias long ago?

"I SEEN HIM," VOLUNTEERED THE VEGETABLE WOMAN. "YES, MEM, I SEEN HIM WITH A BIG BOX—SO BIG, LIKE YOURS"



Quentin parked the car and called to a boy who was playing handball nearby. "Did you see a soldier go past here about an hour and a half ago—a soldier carrying a box of flowers?"

"Naw," discouraged the boy. Suddenly he stopped playing. "Gee, why? Was he a spy? I'll help you find him. Hi, kids!" He beckoned some roller-skaters toward him. "A Nazi spy—a guy with a big bunch of flowers! Any of youse seen him?"

Urchins surrounded Midge and Quentin, babbling questions, shrill and insistent.

"Look, kids, he wasn't a spy," said Quentin. "He was a soldier. A good Uncle Sam's private."

"Aw, nuts! So what?" growled one of the bigger boys. He skated off, followed by his henchmen. Even the ball player returned to his lonely sport.

"I seen him," volunteered the vegetable woman, her hands across her ample apron.

"Oh, you did?" cried Midge, beaming. "Quentin, she saw him!"

The woman nodded. "Yes, mem, I seen him with a big box—so big, like yours."

"That's right!" Midge tried to hurry her. "Where did he go?"

"Up that-a-way." The woman pointed in the direction they had last seen the man speeding away.

"Yes, I know, but where?" begged the girl.

"Should every soldier tell me where he is going?" scolded the woman, turning her broad back.

"There you are, Tin," mourned Midge.

"That's all right, we're on his trail. We haven't lost the scent yet."

"No, not the cent, but the dollars," she lamented.

"He was last seen going in this direction." Quentin took the box from Midge and strode to the next corner with such confidence that she felt encouraged. But no soldier had been seen by anyone. He might have dropped through the pavement midway on the block.

"How would it be to telephone the florist and ask if he said anything about his destination when he bought the roses?" suggested Midge.

"A swell idea," agreed Quentin, and together they crowded into the drugstore telephone booth. Careful this time to stir up no spy baiters, Quentin explained to the florist, "I gave a soldier a hitch a couple of hours ago, and he left a box of your flowers in the car."

"Roses?" asked the florist.

"Yes, yes," panted Midge, who could hear the man's voice.

Quentin quieted her with a gesture. "Did he happen to say where he was taking them?"

"To some one in a hospital. That's as much as I know. Too bad! Nice roses—our best."

Midge dashed over to the counter of the drugstore. "Is there a hospital near here?"

"The Boston General, two blocks up."

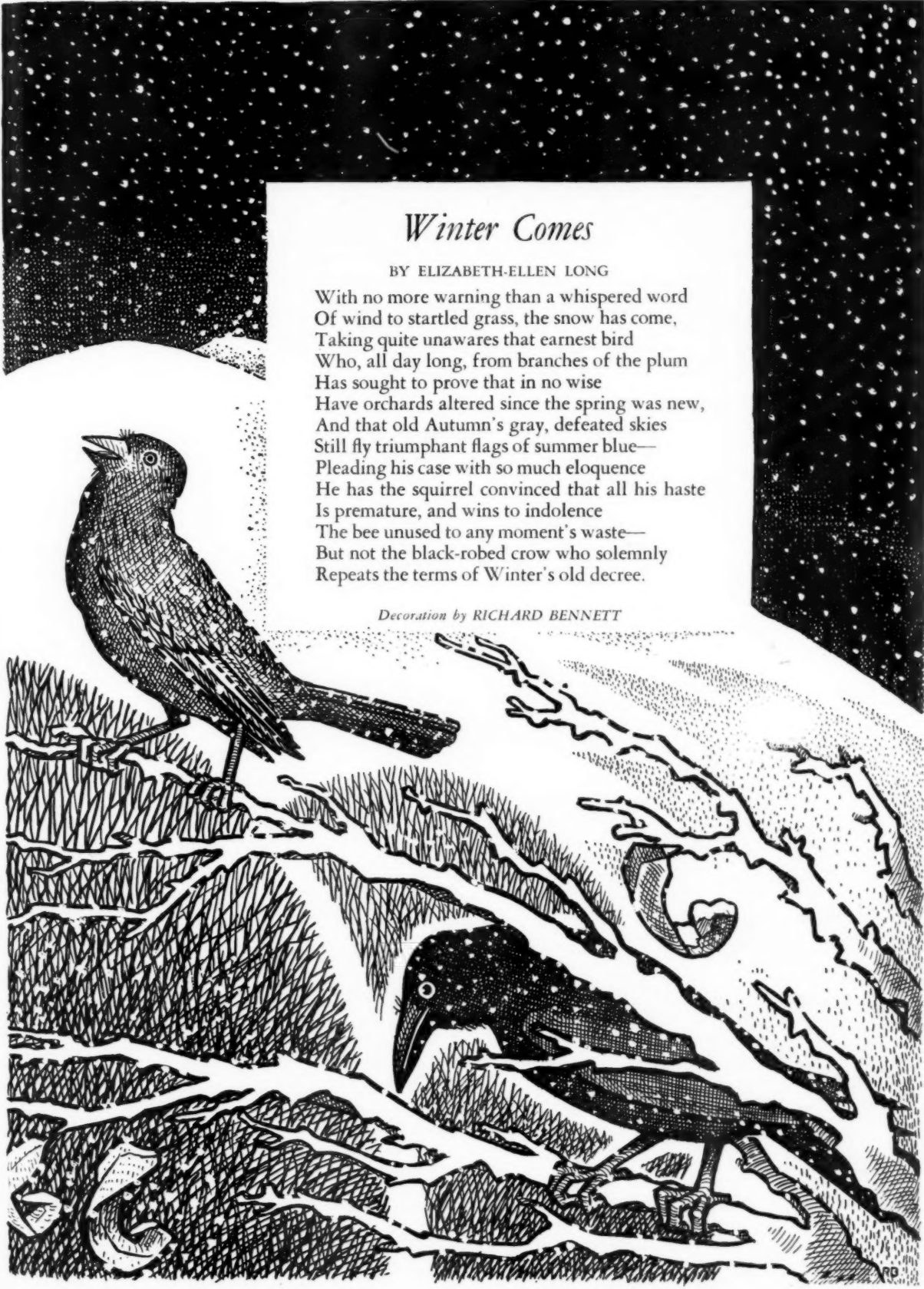
"Thank you, thank you so much," she breathed, as if the man had built and financed the institution. Rushing back to the booth, she yanked Quentin's sleeve as he was ringing off. "I have it! The Boston General, two blocks up."

THEN it must have been real sickness and not lovesickness that had worried the soldier, thought Midge. As she skipped up the hospital steps, she felt it was heartless of her to be so happy.

"Did a soldier, a private, come in here this afternoon with a box of flowers?" she asked a spectacled woman at the information desk.

"Dozens of soldiers came in, with dozens of boxes of flowers," answered the woman crisply.

"But I mean—did you hear of a box of War-Stamp flowers coming here by mistake?" (Continued on page 50)



Winter Comes

BY ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

With no more warning than a whispered word
Of wind to startled grass, the snow has come,
Taking quite unawares that earnest bird
Who, all day long, from branches of the plum
Has sought to prove that in no wise
Have orchards altered since the spring was new,
And that old Autumn's gray, defeated skies
Still fly triumphant flags of summer blue—
Pleading his case with so much eloquence
He has the squirrel convinced that all his haste
Is premature, and wins to indolence
The bee unused to any moment's waste—
But not the black-robed crow who solemnly
Repeats the terms of Winter's old decree.

Decoration by RICHARD BENNETT

FAVORITE

With sugar or without it, homemade cookies are as sweet as ever—and you don't have to be a Star to make them

JUDY GARLAND, Virginia Weidler, and Shirley Temple have the same sugar rations that you and all other Americans have, but they are still able to include plenty of delicious cookies on their menus. How? By eating cookies that have been baked with honey, maple syrup, molasses, or corn syrup, instead of sugar.

From Judy, Virginia, and Shirley, and others among your favorite young moving-picture stars, we have collected a group of the best-liked cookie recipes. Although most of them call for little or no sugar, they are so good that you will probably keep them among your favorites long after the need for sugar rationing has passed.

First a few general hints on the subject of cookie making:

When making drop cookies, use a teaspoon to lift the desired amount of dough from the mixing bowl, and have another teaspoon handy to push the ball of dough from the first spoon onto your baking sheet. In this way you can make nice, uniform-sized drop cookies with the least amount of trouble. You are lucky if you have a rubber dish scraper in your kitchen, as it is perfect for cleaning out the last smidgen of cookie dough from the mixing bowl.

The dough for rolled cookies should be chilled for an hour or two before you roll it out. Cold dough will roll out much more easily, will not tend to stick, and does not need so much extra flour on the board. (Too much extra flour worked into the dough will make a dry, floury, streaked cookie.) Before cutting out each cookie, dip your cutter in flour to prevent sticking.

Be sure to have your oven at the right temperature to keep delicate cookies from burning. Cookies containing chocolate, cocoa, or molasses are especially apt to burn in an oven that is too hot. If your oven does not have a thermometer or regulator, it would be a good investment to get a little oven thermometer at the dime store.

When your cookies are done, lift from the cookie sheet with a spatula, or pancake turner, which has been lightly dusted or dipped in flour. Lay them gently on a cake cooler, or any wire frame which will allow the air to circulate beneath them.

When the cookies are thoroughly cool, they may be removed to the cookie jar. Cookies keep very well; and if packed in air-tight boxes or tins, with waxed paper between the layers, they will keep even longer than usual.

DELICIOUS, thick Brownies, tasting like a cross between cookies, cake, and candy, are just about tops with Deanna Durbin. You can make her recipe with all sugar, if you have it, or you may use corn syrup, or half-and-half:



GLORIA JEAN SMILES PROUDLY AFTER SUCCESSFULLY BAKING A BATCH OF CUT-OUT COOKIES



JUDY GARLAND SIFTS THE DRY INGREDIENTS FOR A DELICIOUS PANFUL OF HER SPICE BARS

VIRGINIA WEIDLER GETS HERSELF A LITTLE FLOURY—BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND



COOKIE RECIPES



of the YOUNG STARS

by HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

DEANNA'S CHOCOLATE BROWNIES

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 2/3 cup sifted flour | 2 squares unsweetened chocolate |
| 1/2 teaspoon baking powder | |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 cup sugar (1 cup corn syrup may be substituted, or 1/2 cup of each) |
| 1/4 cup shortening | |
| 2 well beaten eggs | 1/2 cup chopped nuts |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | |

Preparation:

1. Sift flour once, measure, then sift together with salt and baking powder.
2. Melt shortening and chocolate in the top of a double boiler, over boiling water.
3. In a large bowl beat the eggs, add the sugar (or corn syrup) gradually, then the melted shortening and chocolate mixture.
4. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients.
5. Add the nuts and vanilla, and spread mixture on bottom of a greased baking pan, about 8 inches square.
6. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Do not let burn.
7. Cut into strips or rectangles while still warm, and remove to a cake rack to cool.

COCOA BROWNIES

For Cocoa Brownies, increase the shortening in the recipe above to 1/3 cup, and use 1/2 cup cocoa instead of the un-

sweetened chocolate. The cocoa should be sifted along with the flour and other dry ingredients, but otherwise you follow the directions for Chocolate Brownies.

THREE of Judy Garland's favorite cookies are made with honey: first, Honey Hermits, fat drop cookies that are chewy with raisins and crunchy with nuts; second, Judy's Vitamin Cookies, also made with nuts and raisins, but with rolled oats and grated raw carrots added for additional flavor and texture; and third, Honey Fruit Bars which need no shortening, and which improve in flavor as they stand. Here are the recipes:

HONEY HERMITS

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1/3 cup shortening | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 1/3 cup honey | 1/4 teaspoon cloves |
| 2 well beaten eggs | 1/4 teaspoon ginger |
| 1/2 cup milk | 3 1/2 cups flour |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 4 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1 cup raisins | 1/2 cup chopped nuts (if desired) |

Preparation:

1. Melt shortening and blend with honey in a large bowl.
2. Add eggs, milk, raisins, and nuts to the shortening and honey mixture.
3. Sift dry ingredients (salt, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, flour, and baking powder) and add to liquid mixture. Beat well, to blend.
4. Drop by small teaspoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet.
5. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° to 400°F.) until brown, about 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on a cake rack.

JUDY'S VITAMIN COOKIES

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1 cup sifted flour | 1/2 cup honey |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats |
| 1 pinch salt | 1/2 cup chopped California walnuts |
| 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon | 1/2 cup grated carrots (firmly packed) |
| 1/8 teaspoon soda | 1/2 cup raisins |
| 1/2 cup shortening | |
| 1 slightly beaten egg | |

Preparation:

1. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon, and soda together. (To measure 1/8 teaspoon soda, use half of a 1/4 teaspoon measure, or 1 large pinch.)
2. Stir shortening with back of spoon until fluffy. Beat in the slightly beaten egg, then blend in the honey.
3. Add the rolled oats (uncooked), nuts, carrots, and raisins. Mix well.
4. Blend in the sifted dry ingredients.
5. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet.
6. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) until brown, about 12 minutes.

HONEY FRUIT BARS

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1 cup honey | 1 cup chopped nuts (walnuts or pecans) |
| 3 eggs, well beaten | 1 pound dates, stoned and chopped |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | |
| 1 1/3 cups sifted flour | 1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring |
| 1/2 teaspoon lemon flavoring | |



SHIRLEY TEMPLE CAN'T RESIST THOSE OLD-FASHIONED SUGAR COOKIES HIDDEN IN THE COOKIE JAR. TRY KEEPING YOUR OWN COOKIE JAR FULL FOR THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Preparation:

1. Mix the honey and well beaten eggs thoroughly together.
2. Add the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder (and a pinch of salt, if desired.)
3. Stir in the chopped nuts and dates.
4. Add flavoring and stir well. (1 teaspoon vanilla may be substituted for the lemon and almond combination.)
5. Spread about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep in a long, flat baking pan.
6. Bake at 350°F. for 15 to 20 minutes.
7. While still warm, cut into bars and remove to a rack to cool. If packed in a tin box between layers of waxed paper, the fruit bars will keep well and improve in flavor.
8. Before serving, sift a light dusting of powdered sugar over the bars.

Judy has another favorite cookie, baked in bars, which is fragrant with molasses and spices. You'll like this recipe:

SPICE BARS

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup | 1 pinch salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon |
| 2 eggs, well beaten | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg |
| 2 cups sifted flour | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger |

Preparation:

1. Combine corn syrup, molasses, and shortening in a saucepan, and bring very slowly to boiling point while stirring. Cool.
2. Add beaten eggs to cooled syrup mixture.
3. Add the flour, which has been sifted with the salt, soda, and spices. Stir in well.
4. Spread in a greased 9 by 12 inch shallow pan.
5. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) until brown, about 25 minutes.
6. Sprinkle with powdered or granulated sugar while warm, and cut into squares, or bars. Cool on a cake rack.



DEANNA DURBIN WRAPS A FEW CHOCOLATE BROWNIES IN WAXED PAPER AND CARRIES THEM ALONG IN A KNAPSACK WHEN SHE GOES HORSEBACK RIDING. THEY MAKE DELICIOUS "NIBBLES"

GLORIA JEAN has two basic recipes from which she can make many different kinds of cookies. The first makes delicious drop cookies, and the second basic recipe is for rolled-and-cut-out cookies:

GLORIA JEAN'S DROP COOKIES

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening | 2 cups sifted flour |
| 1 cup syrup (sorghum, corn, or maple syrup) | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1 well beaten egg | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| | 1 teaspoon flavoring |

Preparation:

1. Cream the shortening with the back of a spoon until fluffy, beat in the well beaten egg, and then stir the syrup into the mixture.
2. Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder together and stir thoroughly into the first mixture.
3. Add flavoring. (Using corn syrup for sweetening, add vanilla for vanilla cookies, lemon for lemon cookies. Maple syrup needs no additional flavoring.) Stir well.
4. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet, leaving room for the cookies to spread.
5. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) until lightly browned, about 15 minutes.
6. Remove when done to a rack to cool.

Variations

PEANUT COOKIES:

Add 1 cup roasted jumbo peanuts, chopped, to the Drop Cookie recipe above. Use corn syrup for sweetening, and vanilla for flavoring. Nuts may be added along with the flavoring.

CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES:

Add 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted in a tin cup or saucepan over boiling water, to the first mixture. (Add right after the egg is stirred in.) Do not let burn.

CHOCOLATE-CHIP DROP COOKIES:

Add 1 cup (a 7 ounce package) semi-sweet chocolate bits and 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans (use only $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts, if you prefer) to the Drop Cookie recipe. Add at the last, along with the vanilla flavoring. Use corn syrup for sweetening.

GLORIA JEAN'S ROLLED COOKIES

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | 1 well beaten egg |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter | Chopped nuts, or decorative bits |

Preparation:

1. Cream the butter until soft and fluffy, using the back of a spoon. Blend syrup in gradually, beating well, then add beaten egg a little at a time. Mix well.
2. Sift the dry ingredients together (sifted flour, baking powder, and salt) and add in small amounts to the first mixture.
3. Add vanilla and mix well.
4. Put bowl of dough in refrigerator to chill for at least an hour.
5. Using a floured rolling pin, roll the chilled dough out on an evenly floured board. When about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness, cut out cookies with floured cookie cutters.
6. Decorate cookies with walnut or pecan halves, pieces of dates, seeded raisins, or sprinkle with chopped nuts, plain or colored sugar, or other decorative bits which may be purchased in packages.
7. Arrange cookies on a greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 12 minutes, or until brown.

(Continued on page 42)

THE SKY-BLUE TRAILER

By

CAROL RYRIE BRINK

The close of the Riverview Fair brings Minty her heart's desire, as Pop makes pancakes for the entire party gathered around the Sky-Blue Trailer

PART SEVEN

IT WAS the last night of the Riverview Fair. Something crisp and fresh in the air said that summer was almost over. Through an autumn haze the moon appeared deep orange in color. She was no longer the pale, floating goddess of early summer, but the full-blown Indian beauty of a garnered harvest. Minty looked at her in silence, and she thought that it was almost as if the moon's face were reflecting the orange glow of their campfire.

The noises of the fair went on about them, but here behind the trailer, in the firelight, the Sparkes family had achieved its own little circle of homelike feeling. Perhaps it was only the cheerful warmth of the fire and the sound of Pop's wooden spoon beating up pancake batter which did the trick. But Minty thought that, in spite of all of their wanderings, Pop somehow had the knack of carrying home along with him.

She was glad that Mary and Glen were with them to share in the pleasant feeling of companionship. Both were the pleased possessors of prize ribbons to-night. Glen had a red ribbon for his bantams and Mary had a yellow ribbon for her lemon pie.

"It should have had first place, Mary," said Minty.

"Meringues are tricky," answered Mary. "I'm afraid that mine went sort of flat before the judges saw it. Next year I'll make a cherry pie, and maybe that will take the blue ribbon."

"The blue ribbon," mused Minty, and she couldn't help remembering how Sadie Smith had taken the blue ribbon for wearing her green velveteen suit in the style show.

"Has she ever given it to you, Minty?" asked Mary with the same thought in mind.

"No," said Minty, "I haven't even seen her, except when she was in the horse race."

Eggs was displaying Glen's ribbon almost as proudly as if it had been awarded to herself. "Glen's bantams won it," she explained to Pop and Joe. "Bantams are chickens, in case any of you don't know."

"No!" said Joe. "I thought bantams were a kind of corn."

"You sure are ignorant, Joe," said Eggs. "Why, I've



ZIP'S PICTURE WOULD ALWAYS RECALL THE SKY-BLUE TRAILER

The Story So Far

After their experience in "Winter Cottage" the Sparkes family settle down in Minneapolis. Pop opens a secondhand book shop with his prize money, and they live over the shop. Minty, who has persuaded Pop to trade a set of Dickens for an ancient sewing machine, makes clothes for herself and Eggs, her masterpiece being a green velveteen suit to wear to high school, which is to open in two weeks. There is no cloud in Minty's sky, except her fear that Pop and Eggs may start roaming again—a fear that is realized when a stranger, describing himself as "Zip, the Lightning Artist," arrives in a sky-blue trailer, towed by a wrecking car. Zip says his own car was smashed in an accident, and urges Pop and the girls to drive him and his trailer to the county fairs, where his "lightning art" is one of the attractions. He has no money, he says, until he can collect his insurance.

The sky-blue trailer is decorated outside with garlands and landscapes and fitted inside with delightful gadgets. The Sparkes family cannot resist it, and Zip puts up shelves so Pop can take some books to sell to the farmers' wives. He promises they'll be home before school opens, and Minty writes Joe Boles to meet them at the Riverview Fair.

The fairs, with their striped tents, freaks, merry-go-rounds, and Ferris Wheel, fascinate the Sparkeses, and Minty and Eggs soon make friends with Mary and Glen Johnson, daughter and son of a farm family who are exhibiting live stock and farm products. They are doubtful, however, of some of the people at the fairs—in particular, of Madame L'Enigma, a fortuneteller who wants to marry Zip and his trailer, and of a rude girl, Sadie Smith, who calls herself "Wildcat" and spends her time hanging around the racing stables. Sadie insists on trying on Minty's green suit—and then steals it and enters it in a style show as her own work, carrying off the blue ribbon. The suit is badly torn when Minty recovers it. Later Sadie rides as a jockey in a race for local horses—and wins from Joe Boles who is riding Mr. Johnson's mare.

known that bantams were chickens forever—almost, anyway."

"He's just spoofin' you, Eggs," Glen enlightened her. "I'll bet he's a chicken doctor."

"That's the only branch of medicine I haven't taken up yet," laughed Joe.

Mary squeezed Minty's hand. "Hasn't it been fun to know each other? Just think, to-morrow I'll be back home again. Where will you be, Minty?"

"I wish I knew."

IT'S funny," continued Mary, "how much I always want to come away from home to the Riverview Fair every year. I look forward to it for weeks. But after a few days at the fair, I'm just as eager to get home again and start school. I shouldn't like to go on from fair to fair as some of these folks do."

"Oh, no," said Minty quickly. "No, I shouldn't either."

"But you're with Zip," said Glen. "He goes to all the fairs, so I s'pose you do, too."

"I know he does," said Minty, "but that doesn't mean that we have to go, too. He promised us—he promised that we'd be home in time for me to start to school."

"Now, Araminta," said Pop, beating up his batter, "you know Zip's insurance money hasn't come yet, and until it does he can't get himself another car to pull the trailer."

"I know," said Minty seriously, "but just the same he promised us, and school starts in Minneapolis in two days."

"Where is Zip?" asked Joe. "Let's put it up to him. Minty has a right to know about her school."

"Zip went to town for the mail," said Pop. "He wants to do right by us."

"There's another fair in the next county," said Eggs eagerly. "Zip ought to go to that. If he doesn't get his insurance money, I think we ought to take him. Besides Pop hasn't sold all his books, and he's done right well with the ones he did sell."

Minty didn't say anything, but the battle of hope and fear, which had been raging in her all week, seemed nearly settled now with the hopes going down to defeat.

"One more week wouldn't matter much," wheedled Pop, beginning to turn the sizzling bacon in the big skillet.

"Now that Minty's got her suit patched up, she's crazy to start to school," explained Eggs to Glen. "Crazy is the right word, too. I sure think it's more fun to have a job on a Ferris Wheel than to go to school."

"Minty's such a smart girl," said Pop, "she could easy make up her work if she was to start school a couple of weeks late."

"Yes, I could," said Minty with a flash of unexpected anger. "I've always missed pieces of school here and there, and I've always made them up. But this year I planned it differently. I planned that I was going to start school right on time in a nice-looking outfit, and not be just hanging onto the edge of things, the way I always have in the past. It's my first year in High School, and it's—it's just awfully important to me."

"I call it a shame," said Mary. "First your dress was spoiled, and then you have to be late, too."

"I didn't know you really cared so much, Minty," said Pop. "Maybe Zip's letter from the insurance company will be waiting for him when he gets to the post office. Anyway, I guess it's more important for you to be on time than for him to have a car."

"If I had won the horse race, Minty," said Joe, "I was counting on giving you the ten dollars to buy yourself a new dress. That's the reason why I entered the race, more than anything else."

"Oh, Joe! You were doing that for me?"

"Yes, honestly, Minty. Or you could have used the money to buy yourself a ticket to Minneapolis on the train, so you'd get there in time for school. But there's no use talking about that now. Wildcat had a stronger horse and she's lighter than I am—and I'll have to hand it to her, she's a better rider."

"No, Joe," said Minty. "A really good rider wouldn't have risked piling up the horses, the way she did when she cut in ahead of you to get the inside of the track. I don't care who won, you're the best rider."

"Well, I'm sorry I didn't win for your sake, Minty, because I think you're a swell kid to take everything the way you do. And your suit looks swell the way you've mended it, too."

"Say, for Pete's sake," said Eggs, "stop throwing bouquets at each other, you two, and wrap yourselves around some pancakes."

A large, dark shadow fell across the side of the trailer as someone passed between it and the fire. There was a gentle tinkling of beads and bracelets, and Madame L'Enigma was with them. Her shadow fell across the gaily painted scenes of waterfall and mountain, and momentarily blotted out the name of

Zip the Lightning Artist

"Excuse me, my dears," said Madame L'Enigma, smiling her toothy smile. "Nobody invited me to your party, but I'm going to invite myself. I understand that Mr. Sparkes's pancakes have a national reputation, and it would be a pity if Madame L'Enigma, who sees all and knows all, should

THE FIRST PANCAKE WENT TO MADAME L'ENIGMA AS WILDCAT GAVE MINTY THE BLUE RIBBON THAT WAS RIGHTFULLY HERS



never get a taste of them, now wouldn't it—a great pity?"

"Well, I swan to goodness!" said Pop. "Come right in, Madame, and you shall have the first pancake. I'll make it a whale, too, just to make up for your not havin' been invited."

Minty and Eggs exchanged uneasy glances as Minty pulled up an apple box for the fortuneteller to sit on.

"There's something strange in the air to-night," said Madame L'Enigma in a hollow voice. She settled herself on the apple box and spread her red and yellow skirts about her. She closed her eyes and passed her hands several times before her face as if she were troubled by unseen presences.

"Oh, golly," said Eggs under her breath. An expectant silence settled over the others.

"Change is in the air," went on the fortuneteller. "I feel the vibrations of it very strongly. The change of season—that's beginning to be felt around us. The moon knows it, the wind knows it. I smell it in the smoke that goes up from the campfire."

"You won't taste it in my pancakes," said Pop cheerfully.

Madame L'Enigma opened her eyes and the look she gave Pop was not all pleasantness, but Pop was too busy ladling out the first pancake to notice. The fortune teller closed her eyes again and continued in her oracular voice, "I see that the wishes of this company are divided. There are those who wish to continue in the sky-blue trailer to other fairs, and there are those who wish for a change. Change is a very good thing at this season of the year. It will be a very good change for the girl who had her suit stolen to go back to the city to school."

"I think so, too," said Minty involuntarily.

Madame L'Enigma looked around at Minty slyly, and suddenly Minty wondered whether the fortuneteller were espousing her cause, or was making Minty espouse Madame L'Enigma's cause. That was a fine point which was hard to get at. Minty began to be troubled.

"Yes," said the fortuneteller, "I see a great deal of change. I see that all of you will be going back to your homes, and that the beautiful sky-blue trailer will have no one left in it but that nice Mr. Zipora. I see that he will need a cook for

his beautiful kitchen, and a car to pull his lovely, lovely trailer. And I see—I see the very car and the very cook."

"No," cried Minty. "No, don't see any more, please. I've changed my mind. We're going to stay with Zip until he gets his own car to pull the trailer—and maybe I'll even stay until he gets the right cook."

"What's all this?" cried a hearty voice, and Zip came around the trailer into the firelight.

"Zip, did you get the letter?" asked Pop. "The letter about the insurance?"

Zip's face fell. "No, Charley, by gum! There wasn't a bit of mail for me in the post office. I sure expected it today."

"But it's all right, Zip," said Minty. "We're staying with you until you get it—even if I have to miss the first weeks of school."

"I've got a perfectly good car," said Madame L'Enigma, jangling her beads, "and I'd just love to take complete charge of the trailer for Mr. Zipora, so that he won't have a thing to do but paint his pictures."

MADAME "What's-your-name," said Pop, "here's that whale I've been a-cooking for you. You just start right in eating it now, while it's hot enough to melt the butter. Minty, pour a lot of syrup on for Madame, and turn her out a cup of coffee."

"But the sky-blue trailer!" said Madame L'Enigma. "We ought to settle about it right now."

"It's all settled," said Zip, "thanks to Minty."

"Do you have room for any more folks around your fire, Mr. Sparkes?"

They all looked up, to see Steve Smith smiling at them and behind him his daughter, Sadie.

"Well, sure," cried Pop. "It looks like a full house, but I never turn anybody away while the pancake batter holds out."

"What next?" said Eggs under her breath. Minty just stood there with the coffeepot in one hand and the syrup pitcher in the other, looking at Wildcat and saying nothing at all.

Steve came forward, rubbing his hands together and beaming. "You know, Mr. Sparkes, this campfire of yours is the most cheerful and homelike spot on the whole fair grounds. Honest, it is." He seemed quite unconscious of the strained

looks on the faces about the fire. Suddenly Minty knew that he had never heard of the style show, and as for the horse race, he was only proud that his girl had happened to ride the winning horse.

But no amount of "play-acting" could put genial innocence on Wildcat's face. The best that could be said for her was that she looked subdued—and clean. She had on a fresh blouse and she had actually put a button on her skirt where the safety pin used to be. Her hair and nails were tidier than Minty had ever seen them, except during the style show. She looked all around, and when nobody moved to greet her, she said with a touch of the old defiance, "I guess I'm not very welcome around here, but that's nothing new to me. I'm used to having folks laugh at me and hate me. So I guess I can swallow my pride for once." (Continued on page 48)

Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG



HARVEST HOME

CHIZ, my angel, you certainly are greedy—but utterly enchanting!

Thus Bushy Ryder, in tender and admiring tones. The recipient of her remarks was no human being, but a small striped object which gazed at her unwinkingly through the meshes of a cage awkwardly but adequately contrived of lobster-pot wire. Chiz was a chipmunk—so named because his front teeth were like chisels, as Bushy had once found to her sorrow. She had captured him, to her own great surprise, when he was young and inexperienced—too bewildered to make the squeaking dash for his hole under the stone wall that would have saved an older and wiser chipmunk. Not that he needed much sympathy, for in the weeks that followed he had been living a life of luxury and adulation practically unknown to one of his species. So much so, that Edward Lofting Ryder, Bushy's elder brother, declared himself to be revolted by all the attention bestowed upon the creature.

"It's positively disgusting," said Lofty. "You take as much care of that rodent as if it were a pedigreed puppy."

"Chiz is not a rodent," Bushy contended.

"I'd like to know what he is, then," said Lofty.

"Rats are rodents," Bushy stated. "Very different."

"So are chipmunks," argued Lofty. "Look at those front teeth."

"I know all about his front teeth," said Bushy. Chiz had indeed gone clear through her finger with them at the time of his capture. She did not hold it against him.

"His front teeth are those of a rodent," Lofty insisted.

"But look at his tail," Bushy urged. "Rats' tails are horrid and bare and scaly—and Chiz has a lovely plume. Lovely."

"Tails don't count," said Lofty. "Teeth are what mark the rodent. Skinned, he'd look just like a rat."

"Skinned!" cried Bushy. "Oh, Chiz—what a hideous idea! And he's not a rodent."

"Is," said Lofty.

"Isn't," said Bushy.

"All right, I shall consult the dictionary," countered Lofty. He did so, and Bushy hung over his shoulder.

"*Chintz—chip—chipmunk*," intoned Lofty, running a finger down the column. "Here we are! 'A small squirrel of North America, having dark and light stripes on its back. The hackee, or chipping-squirrel; *Tamias Striatus*.'"

"You see?" cried Bushy in triumph. "He's not a rat, he's a squirrel."

Lofty looked daunted, but only for an instant. "I didn't say he was a rat. I said he was a rodent. Squirrels are rodents."

"Aren't," said Bushy.

"Are," said Lofty, flipping over to

the S section. "*Squire—squirm—squirrel*. Ah! 'An arboreal rodent with a long—ba, ba!—bushy tail, and having great agility in leaping and climbing.' What about that?"

It was Bushy's turn to look crushed, but as it was not her habit to stay crushed for very long she turned indulgently to Chiz, who, unaware of all the research going on over him, was innocently engaged in shelling a peanut.

"He's a squirrel," she stated firmly. "A hackee, or *Tamias Stri—Striatus*. You will please not refer to him again as a rodent."

"I still think he's not worth the trouble," Lofty observed. "Why, I might be eating all those good peanuts. By the way—peanuts! A good addition, perhaps."

He drew an ill used strip of paper from his pocket and added a scrawl to it. Bushy tried to peep over his shoulder.

"What now?" she demanded. "A peanut-hunt for your little friends?"

"Just a memorandum," Lofty told her. "An important memorandum for my own use. Well—bye now, rodent!"

He disappeared, leaving Bushy and Chiz to soothe one another's wounded feelings.

But in the bright October days that followed, Lofty's activities became more and more noticeable. For example, he cleared almost everything out of his room, leaving it in

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER



"THAT RODENT!" SHRIEKED LOFTY, DASHING UNKEMPT ACROSS THE HALL

By
EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

*"Chiz", the chipmunk, threatens
Lofty's plans, but improves on
them—in his own way—in the end*

an abnormally tidy and barren state—swept, but not garnished. "House cleaning, no doubt?" his sister suggested with ill concealed curiosity.

"The house cleaning will come afterward," Lofty informed her. "I have to have it here, because I didn't want to ask Mother to spare the dining room that long."

"Long enough for what?" Bushy demanded.

"It'll take quite a bit of preparation," mused Lofty, viewing his denuded quarters critically. "Quite a bit, in order to get it just right—artistic as well as appetizing."

"Food?" asked Bushy, swallowing.

"Food for the eye as well as the body," murmured her brother absently and with a complacent smile. "Yes, very pretty, very pretty!"

"Looks like moving day, to me," said Bushy.

"My dear child," cried Lofty, turning on her, "I was creating the effect in my mind's eye. Of course there's nothing tangible as yet."

"It's not a tangerine," said Bushy, her eye catching sight of an object on the floor. "It's your pet tennis ball that you lost. It must have got stuck behind your desk until you moved it."

"So it did!" cried Lofty. "Cheers! What a practical result!"

"Hmph!" said Bushy and departed to do some house cleaning of her own in the shape of tidying up Chiz's cage before she went to her Junior Red Cross meeting.

"Poor dear," she mused aloud. "You really ought to be out in the great open spaces, I suppose. I wonder if I can make you happy all winter? Or if I can keep Lofty happy all winter, if I keep you."

As she dashed along the leaf-strewn streets, she felt even more dubious about the kindness of keeping Chiz immured between walls of lobster-wire.

"Such lovely weather for chipmunks!" she thought. "Or for anybody, so far as that goes," she added, with an appreciative sniff of the crisp air, pungent with the smell of leaf smoke. Leaf bonfires in the lanes! That always did something to Bushy; she felt impelled to snatch off her shoes and turn Gipsy on the spot. Just to run with the wind and dance with the leaves! Instead, she nobly went on to the Junior Red Cross meeting, where she knew there was plenty to be done. Lofty, she thought, should be at his R.O.T.C., instead of cleaning out his room, or whatever it was he was poking at. He was still poking when she came home.

"How's it shaping up?" she inquired. "Not that I know what it's for."

"House cleaning part's over," Lofty informed her graciously. "Tomorrow's session will be pure pleasure. I may even invite you to assist."

"Honored, indeed," said Bushy. "And Chiz?"

"Distinctly not that rodent," Lofty told her tartly.

"*Tamias Striatus*," Bushy corrected him patiently. "I'm trying to figure things out. Surely you're not giving a party in your room?"

"I told you I didn't want to ask Mother to let me have the dining room for as long as it'll take to arrange this," Lofty explained. "It's going to need plenty arranging."



YES—HE POPPED OUT AGAIN AND SNATCHED ANOTHER NUT

It did. Next day the entire Ryder home was as littered with leaves as the street outside.

"Is this part of it?" Bushy inquired, "or did the door blow open and a hurricane get in?"

"This is part of it," said Lofty, "only I had a slight mishap on the stairs." He was leaning perilously forward on the stairway, vainly attempting to garner leaves, which fell as fast as he tried to scoop them up in his hands.

"If you'd sweep them all down to the bottom and then get a basket," Bushy advised, "you'd do better."

"Come to think of it," said Lofty, straightening up and putting his head on one side, "why not leave them as they are? Don't you think they look like a mysterious autumnal pathway leading upward to the unknown?"

"I think they look like a mess," said Bushy coldly, "and I don't believe Mother'll like them at all."

She did not, and Lofty got the broom and basket when his sister wasn't looking.

"Do you know what he's doing, Mother?" Bushy wondered. "First cleaning up his room and then filling it full of dead leaves?"

"He's giving a Harvest Home party to some of his friends," Mrs. Ryder explained with a faint sigh. "I told him he might, so long as he didn't use up his War Stamp money on it. He's managing very cleverly."

"Glad to hear that," Bushy said.

"A Harvest Home party!" she told Chiz later. "I may be invited, but not you. Isn't that a shame? A Harvest Home party is exactly the kind of thing you'd love. I ought to think up a little private one for you, with all the fixings."

Chiz chattered appreciatively at (Continued on page 46)



SIGNS of S CHEERFULLY



THESE GIRL SCOUTS MADE THEMSELVES USEFUL BY PACKING LAYETTES FOR BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN. THEY HAVE MADE LAYETTES, TOO, FOR THE RED CROSS, LOCAL HOSPITALS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

IN TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, GIRL SCOUTS HELP THE RED CROSS BY PACKING KNAPSACKS—ANOTHER TASK WHERE NEATNESS HELPS



MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, GIRL SCOUTS CONDUCT A DOOR-TO-DOOR COLLECTION OF MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS AS THEIR PART OF A CITY-WIDE SALVAGE DRIVE



"PUNKIN" PIE AND TOOTHY HALLOWEEN OFFERING AS TWO TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK GIRL SCOUTS COLLECT FROM VICTORY GARDENS, WHETHER NOT

by the
GIRL S

IN FLINT, MICHIGAN, THE GIRL SCOUTS ARE BUSY AS BEAVERS COLLECTING AND SORTING MAGAZINES WHICH WILL BE SENT TO SOLDIERS

of SERVICE LY RENDERED



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SCOUTS

SOLDIERS OF THE SIXTH CORPS
AREA WILL HAVE GOOD READ-
ING MATTER, THANKS TO THE
ILLINOIS PUBLIC LIBRARY AND
THE WORK OF THE GIRL SCOUTS



THE HARLEM TOYERY IN NEW YORK
IS PARTLY STOCKED WITH TOYS
FROM A GIRL SCOUT SALVAGE SHOP.
TOYS ARE LENT TO CHILDREN, AND
GIVEN OUTRIGHT IF WANTED AND
IF GOOD CARE IS TAKEN OF THEM

"AND ITS TAIL WAS SO LONG!"
—GIRL SCOUTS CARE FOR AND
AMUSE CHILDREN TO FREE PAR-
ENTS FOR COMMUNITY SERVICE



GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, RESIDENTS
WILLINGLY PART WITH THEIR OLD SHOES
WHEN THE GIRL SCOUTS KNOCK AT THEIR
DOORS FOR A WORTHY SALVAGE PROJECT





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WHEN THE GIRL SCOUTS KNOCK AT THEIR
DOORS FOR A WORTHY SALVAGE PROJECT





A BRIGHT SMILE AND AN ARMPFUL OF GIRL SCOUT COOKIES TO SELL—A GOOD WAY TO GIVE FIRST AID TO THAT TROOP BUDGET

IN THESE days, when everyone is being called upon to serve his or her country in one way or another, it is important for all Girl Scouts to be registered members of their national organization. Immediately after we went into war last December, all the resources of our vast Girl Scout membership of 650,000 were offered to the President of the United States. That offer was definitely accepted, and since then Girl Scouts have been called upon to do many things and have done them well—some in Hawaii, some in "boom town" areas, some in closely guarded coastal areas, and some working hard in their communities where outwardly all is as usual. They have put their talents to use. They have assisted the Red Cross. They have welcomed newcomers who have come to their communities because of defense projects. They have kept cookie jars filled for soldier recreation centers. They have cheerfully given up their Little Houses and camps when they have been needed. They have rearranged their programs to comply with tire and gas rationing. And they have kept the flag of the international Girl Scout sisterhood flying by sending help to China, England, Switzerland, Greece, and Poland through their contributions to the Juliette Low Memorial Fund. Every Girl Scout is helping to the best of her ability.

At this point you may say, "Well, I'm willing to do all this, but why do I have to be a registered Girl Scout to do work for my

GIRL SCOUTS~100%

By **ETHEL RUSK**

Girl Scout National Staff

Why it's more important than ever for your troop to be 100% registered

country?" There are several reasons why you should—let us think of them for a moment.

First and most important, your national organization and your country need to have your name on the national Girl Scout roll call. It is only in this way that the Girl Scout organization will be unified and will know exactly how much its membership can do when called upon.

Second, you can serve best as a Girl Scout when you *are* a Girl Scout, and can show that you are by wearing a Girl Scout uniform, a Girl Scout pin, and the insignia which make your skills known to your community. Only registered Girl Scouts have this privilege.

Third, when you pay your dues and register as a Girl Scout, you can, by paying your share and thus becoming a bona fide member, feel a real pride in belonging to a well known national organization, and through that to a world-wide organization of over a million girls, all ready to serve their countries.

Fourth, you must feel, as does every patriotic American, that it is your duty to work for your country through the organization that will best enable you to make a real contribution to the war effort. If you have chosen the Girl Scout organization, support it in every way.

There are many ways Girl Scouts can save and earn their annual membership dues. Given a little thought, money problems can be fun. Did you ever make a budget—and find out how much more you appreciated the things you can do and buy because you made the budget work? Try it some time! Troop budgeting, in which everybody has a hand, is a sure, interesting, and easy method of accumulating membership dues and many other

for next year's gardens. Would the sale of these help your troop budget? Keep enough seeds to begin planning now to sell small plants next spring, both vegetable and flower. Easy-to-grow vegetable plants are tomato, celery, eggplant, pepper, broccoli, and cabbage. Some easy flowers are marigolds, zinnias, asters, sweet alyssum, and pansies. Many herbs, of which there is now a shortage, and pots of parsley and chives can be grown and used any time of year. And just to add spice to life, have you ever thought of making and selling catnip mice for the pet kittens in the neighborhood? Thanksgiving gourds and vegetables and Christmas wreaths and door decorations are easily made and always saleable. (Be sure you remember conservation rules when gathering greens.)

Is your troop engaged in, or planning, an arts and crafts program? Why not combine this project with other program interests and plan an entertainment and bazaar? For example, troop members interested in the international friendship field can be called upon to suggest a *motif* around which plans can be made. What could be more fun than planning a South American evening? Entertainment might consist of South American songs, dances, and costume tableaux. Here's where troop members working on Music, Dancer, and Dramatics badges can be of help. Troop crafts with a South American flavor to sell at the bazaar might include articles made from gourds, pottery—perhaps containing herbs

RIGHT: FUNDS MAY BE RAISED SELLING ARTICLES MADE BY THE ARTS AND CRAFTS STUDENTS IN YOUR OWN GIRL SCOUT TROOP



LEFT: OMAHA, NEBRASKA, SCOUTS TAKE A BOW. PLAYS ARE FUN FOR ALL CONCERNED, AND ARE EXCELLENT MONEY RAISERS, TOO



things besides. The entire troop should help plan such a budget, based on the number of girls in the troop and the amount of weekly dues each girl pays. If each member contributes five cents a week and the money is apportioned for various needs and projects, including dues, you will be surprised how easily national membership dues become a part of the year's expenses.

Weekly dues can be supplemented by special money-raising plans. These can be fun, too, if you use your imagination and combine your need with your troop's program. Perhaps, for instance, you have been interested in Victory Gardens during the summer and have grown some flowers along with your vegetables. Autumn is the time to transplant perennial flower seedlings and gather seeds

from your Victory Garden—aprons with gay embroidery, and bridge place cards with South American designs done in water color. Excellent movie films dealing with South America (16 mm. with a sound track) may be obtained free of charge from Miss Tonia Lawton, Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York City. The only charge to you is postage.

Many troops are earning money to buy their Girl Scout equipment and pay their troop dues by selling Christmas cards to friends through The American Girl-Quaint Shop Plan.* One troop we know, keeping in mind the present shortage of materials, is collecting candle ends and will remelt them into Christmas candles. Every purchaser of a

AMERICANS

candle will have a visit from Girl Scout carolers on Christmas Eve.

Even though your troop will probably make some special contribution to soldiers this Christmas, the thrifty troop member will do well to keep in mind that many individuals are getting together Christmas packages and would like to buy small items to include in them. Bookmarkers, sewing kits, hand-hemmed handkerchiefs, and the like will find a good market when you have filled gratis your own troop's packages.

Many other ways of raising funds for troop expenses are given in *Dollars and Sense*, which may be secured for ten cents from the National Equipment Service. Plan with zeal and imagination and you can't fail!

Becoming a Girl Scout for the first time and renewing Girl Scout membership annually are both very important occasions. When you are first taken into your troop, you solemnly accept the Girl Scout Promise and Laws as your code of behavior. Nearly all troops use the investiture ceremony when they first register, and also when a new member joins the troop. This ceremony and others are described in the *Girl Scout Handbook*, and *Act It Out*.*

The occasion of renewing membership should also be a special event, for every registration day—whether the first, or the fifth, or any other—is important in the life of a Girl Scout. Plan some special ceremony, such as the following which features the American Flag, suggested by Oleda Schrottky, Girl Scout play and pageantry adviser:

SCOUTS march into the hall, singing, and form a V, a semicircle, a horseshoe, or a hollow square at the front of the stage or room. When in place, a Girl Scout bearing a large American flag enters, followed by a color guard. Regardless of the formation, she stands center stage, her guard behind her. Here follows the salute to the flag, led by the Girl Scout leader, or any Girl Scout with poise and a good voice. All sing "The Star



SIMPLE CEREMONIES CAN BE MOST IMPRESSIVE AND NO ELABORATE STAGE SETTING IS NEEDED FOR A GIRL SCOUT INVESTITURE

Spangled Banner," or any dignified patriotic song. The flag is then grounded—that is, put in the standard previously placed for that purpose. Should you be fortunate enough to have a troop flag, a Girl Scout should carry it in the procession, and as soon as the American flag is in position, place the troop flag to the left of the stage.

The Girl Scout leader then says: Registration day is an important one in the Girl Scout calendar, for it means that you have received the Girl Scout pledge silently in your minds and hearts, so once again will you renew that promise aloud.

(Here repeat the Promise.)

All sing: "When E'er You Make a Promise," found in the *Girl Scout Song Book*, page 119.

A Girl Scout: One day at a time!

Whatever its load, whatever its length,
According to each shall be blessing and strength.

One day at a time!

'Tis a wholesome rhyme!

A good one to live by—

One day at a time!

Leader: Let us remember this verse (*name girl*) has just said for us. Whatever we have to do each day, let us do that well today and not put off until tomorrow being truthful, industrious, kind, thoughtful, and faithful. I have here your registration cards; these mean that your names are recorded with thousands of other girls in our national office in New York City.

When anyone sees your name so recorded, he or she believes that you will keep your promise, the one you have just made. Will you try?

All Girl Scouts: We will.

Leader: I congratulate all of you, (*She gives the Girl Scout salute and the girls respond.*)

All Sing: "Girl Scouts Together."

A special party with refreshments and a Girl Scout birthday cake can follow.

NOW here, all summed up, is the recipe for being a one-hundred-per-cent-American Girl Scout:

1. Register with your national organization.
2. Develop your Girl Scout skills so they can be of use whenever you are called upon.
3. Renew your Promise and Laws each registration day, and try to live up to them every day between.
4. Wear your Girl Scout pin at all times, and your uniform when you take part in Girl Scout activities.

**If you are not already using The American Girl Quaint Shop Plan, write for particulars to Mr. Eric Shumway, c/o The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York, New York.*



ABOVE: GIRL SCOUTS FROM SIOUX CITY, IOWA, CONTRIBUTE TO THE JULIETTE LOW FUND AND PROUDLY TOTAL THE GIFTS

RIGHT: SEEDS AND SEEDLINGS FOR NEXT YEAR'S GARDEN CAN BE SOLD TO HELP RAISE THE NECESSARY REGISTRATION FEE



Glamour Drill

By HELEN HATCHER

WANT to be trim as a drill sergeant—bright as a polished button? Want to go marching through your day slick and smart from reveille to taps?

Here's the way to do it—soldier style and in double-quick time!

First, a general inspection of closets. Do you have a separate hanger for each dress, one for every skirt? You should. Is there a shoe rack and a pair of shoe trees for every pair of shoes? Not beribboned trees, please, but plain, properly shaped ones that you can pop into your shoes the minute your feet come out.

You need a wide closet shelf, too, with a stand for each hat. No piling one on top of the other, or that will be three days K.P., next inspection.

If you haven't hat stands, cover two or three round paper milk cartons with a bright remnant of wall paper, or chintz. That will do, but better still—next time you buy a new hat add the price of a hat stand to it. For upkeep.

Brushes? A three brush quota is the minimum, a soft one for hats, a good stiff whisk for clothes, and a sturdy bristled brush for shoes.

Hang a pin cushion on the wall of your closet with straights and assorted safeties—and, if you want to make that "stitch in time" proverb come true, stick three threaded needles into the cushion. White thread, black thread, and a neutral shade of darning cotton.

Try filing your clothes in order on the closet rod—sport dresses first, street dresses, semi-formals, formals. Keep the last two in garment bags, if possible. At least use a light drop cloth to protect your trailing skirts for your next swish past the stag line.

Here's a slick, quick trick for closets. Buy your favorite scent in sachet form. Make it up into little bags and tie one on each hanger. It's inexpensive and you'll smell faintly delicious always.

And now bureau drawers. Sort your clean, whole, usable things in one pile—panties,

bras, girdles. Two is a minimum, by the way, for girdles. (One in the tub and one on your skin to keep you spankety clean without and within.)

Into another heap, for mending, goes the ripped blouse, stockings with snags—you know the kind of thing! No wearing them just once more before you toss them out. If they're good enough to keep, they're good enough to mend. Besides, who knows, the day you wear the pinned-up slip may be the very day you faint and are carried unconscious into the doctor's office.

With the rest of the bureau drawers' contents—the magenta taffeta whosis, the snuggies that were hangies after you washed them—be ruthless. Throw them into a give-away box—if you can find anybody to take them.

In one bureau drawer, try a four-way combination, four boxes, or four compartments. One for gloves; one for stockings; one for accessories—pins, clips, beads; one for plain junk. (Keep a cover on that one.) By the way, you'll find it convenient to save nice boxes after a shopping expedition, and to fit them into such a catch-all bureau drawer if it hasn't regular compartments.



miss Elliott

Don't hang your sweaters between wearings. Fold them neatly and lay them in a drawer, or on a shelf, to keep them in shape and cut down on pulls and snags. And if you're seriously starting a sweater collection, invest in an adjustable dryer. It makes washing and blocking sweaters at home simple and successful.

Sachets in the bureau drawers are nice. Use the same scent you did in the closet. You want to be just a rose, or just a gardenia, remember, not a back-yard garden planted to a mixed assortment. And, of

course, you won't use heavy, musky perfume.

Now *ratatatat!* The bugle for routine.

One day a week—it's always the same day—give yourself the glamour works. It doesn't make any difference which day, just so it's the same day every week. That keeps you from getting tied up with dates and then sliding through with peeling polish and scraggly curls. In other words—manicure, pedicure, shampoo, wave and etc. and etc., same time, same station, every week.

This same night could be old clothes night, too. Straps sewed on, hems caught, belts pressed, collars washed and changed. It's a good time to clean your shoes. Once over with the boot brush to remove dust and mud, then try shining the leather with saddle soap. Your shoes will glow like fine bindings.

For the day-to-day grind—well, your day should really begin the night before, when you lay out your dress and clean undies and stockings for the next morning; brush your hat and coat; suds your underduds; give your hair a hundred—count 'em!—a hundred licks; set your curls; and pop into bed in time to get nine hours' sleep before the alarm clock plays reveille next a. m.

In the morning, do some stretching and bending before you get into the tub. Of course, you shower, you wash, you bathe—who said you didn't? But there's more to it

than that. Do you press back your cuticle, fingers and toes, carefully every time? Do you clean the back of your teeth? Do you have a brisk rub with a rough Turkish towel to make you sparkle?

Then you dress. Alternate your shoes and dresses, by the way. Never wear them two days in succession—it gives the wrinkles a chance to come out.

Now check your stocking seams, clean hankie, whisk off your shoulders, brush your eyebrows smooth as wings. You're ready. Attention! Eyes Bright! On Parade—and the whole man's army will say—

"O.K.! YOU PASS!"

JANEY and the JUNKMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

by a truck and my arm was broken so it wouldn't heal right. That was more money. Bill, my oldest boy, helped me out on the wagon then—until the fire got the wagon and the barn, and poor old Chaser, too."

Tad looked at the ruins of the barn. "I remember now—something about that fire last spring. It was hoodlums, wasn't it?"

Pain crossed the man's face. "Not just hoodlums. I told you Elsa was German. I'm of German descent, too—I was born in this country, but my parents came over. There was a rowdy crew around town who got to yelling names at me. They used to say I ought to be locked up, that I belonged to the Bund. I tried to tell them that it wasn't that way—that it was a lie. I was in the United States Navy in the last war. I can remember my father saying, 'Fritz, we are Germans, but we are human beings first. The enemies of human beings are *our* enemies. If your brother was an outlaw, you would have to track him down.' But people get excited at times like this. One night these rowdies sneaked in and burned my barn and the wagon in it and the horse. They left a note that said, 'This is how your people would treat us!'"

"But that's despicable!" Janey cried.

"Well, that's how it was. I couldn't afford to get a new horse and wagon. I sold what scrap I had and took up odd jobs. But a lot of people wouldn't give me any work because my name was—the wrong name. With my bad arm I couldn't do much, anyhow. I couldn't get a defense job. Bill was a copy boy down at the paper, but one day he said to me, 'I'm old enough to join the Navy. I want to show that gang who burned down our barn that we're Americans. A lot of them are still hanging around. I want to show them I know what side is right, and that I'm willing to fight for it. But I can't quit when you need what I make.' I said, 'You go ahead, Bill. It'll keep me alive longer than money, to have you do this.'"

Janey said softly, "That's wonderful of you." She had a faraway look in her eye. "If only you were in business again! You could help us in this victory drive for scrap."

"Miss, don't I wish it!" His pale blue eyes lit up.

"Tad!" Janey whirled on him. "Hasn't your troop got an old wagon you used in a pageant?"

Tad cried, "Why sure! It's in bad shape, but it could be fixed up."

"A horse—" Janey said thoughtfully.

"Darcy Hunter's father has a horse," Mac said.

"A lot of them on his farm upstate. Maybe he'd spare one."

(Continued on page 33)

What's O.K.? What's Ixray?

Do you always know the right answers for the wrong days of the month? Check each picture, look up the answers in the coupon. Get all 8 right and you're a super-doooper, but you still need the booklet "As One Girl To Another"! Gives you do's and don't's for "those days"... a gift from the makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins.

1. O. K. — NO —		2. O. K. — NO —	
3. O. K. — NO —		4. O. K. — NO —	
5. O. K. — NO —		6. O. K. — NO —	
7. O. K. — NO —		8. O. K. — NO —	



FREE! DON'T LOOK NOW

but when you're ready to check your answers, here they are! Your O. K. should be on pictures one, four, six, and eight. "No" is the answer to pictures two, three, five and seven. Now fill out this coupon for your free booklet. AG-11

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*Casually tailored clothes loved
by school girls all over America*

968—First for school, first for sportswear, is your blouse and skirt. Note new slot pockets in skirt. A "Sew-Simple." Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. Yardage on envelope.



938

938—Just right for school. Bias-fold trim starts at shoulders and finishes slot pockets in skirt. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 16 (34) requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yds. 54-inch material; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yd.; bands, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 35 or 39 inch.

955—Fashion experts say a corduroy jumper is a "must." Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) requires 3 yds. 35-inch material (with nap). 915—Shirtwaist blouse with long glamorous sleeves. Yardage on envelope. Each fifteen cents.

915
955

968

Fifteen cents each.

927—For dating, or school, choose this two-piece peplum dress. It is designed for velveteen, leading fall fabric. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. Size 16 (34) requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yds. 35-inch material (with nap).

927



These Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, may be purchased through *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering. No patterns sent c.o.d. Allow two weeks for delivery.

JANEY and the JUNKMAN

"I believe he would," Janey cried. "We'll ask Darcy to persuade him."

"We'd paint the wagon a bright red—" Tad began.

"With a white dot-dot-dot-dash," Candy cried, "on the sides!"

"And bells that rang the first few notes of Beethoven's Fifth! The da-da-da-dab part," Mac added.

Mr. Reiner looked from one to another in bewilderment.

Tad said, "We've got to run along, Mr. Reiner. We have people to see—but we'll be back."

WITHIN two weeks Mr. Reiner was in business again. The authorities had approved, and the Boy and Girl Scouts of West Haven now sponsored him to aid them in the salvage drive. At a word from the Scouts, the Red Cross had descended on the family with clothes from the closet they were preparing for refugees. A group of Tad's Scouts had obtained old lumber and helped put up a makeshift barn for the old horse which Mr. Hunter had loaned as his contribution.

The bright red wagon became a familiar sight on the streets, and Mr. Reiner was an immeasurable help for he knew scrap so well; knew what could be reclaimed and what could not; knew how to make people think of things they had forgotten they possessed. The two Scout units put on a contest among themselves for catchy scrap campaign slogans, and daily a new one appeared posted at the rear of the wagon:—

*Donate Your Old Metal—
and Show the Axis Your Mettle*

*Give Old Inner Tubes!
Let Them Say "Tube-Bad" to the Axis*

*Old News Is Bad News for Hitler—
Save Your Newspapers*

Yet with all the aid the now beaming Mr. Reiner could give them, the campaign still lagged. The Scouts became despondent. West Haven should do better than this.

"It's a question of waking people up," Janey declared. "Nobody wilfully intends not to help. One woman I went to today said, 'Oh dear! Is this thing still going on?' She was bored with it."

"It's true we must seem like pests," Candy agreed.

"And there are so many things that people are asked to give, and buy, and do," Mac said. "No wonder scrap doesn't seem important."

Mr. Reiner scratched his chin. "I know what you mean. Seems like an old bath mat or a pot is a mighty little thing to give, and it's easy to slip up donating. Scrap—well, it hasn't got glamour. You don't get any medal, or sticker for your window, in return—and you can't see where it goes."

"Glamour!" Janey repeated. She pulled a lock of her flaming hair. "Hmmm."

"Yes, glamour," Tad laughed. "You know. Like I haven't got any of—because I'm not draft age."

"Oh, hush," Janey commanded. "Now the thing is what has Madeleine Carroll got that an old washpail hasn't got? If we could give scrap whatever it is—"

Tad snorted. "But we can't give glamour to scrap."

THE AMERICAN GIRL
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Janey withered him with a glance. "Yes, we can!"

Tad whistled. "Here we go, boys!"

Janey said impatiently, "Now look! How many Scouts are there in this town? If we haven't one single idea among us for making scrap glamorous, I'll eat the next batch of bathing caps we take in. Can't we bring the question up at our troop meetings and get all the other troops to do the same? Mr. Reiner's right. If we could make the drive spectacular enough it would be a success."

Tad groaned, "Us and Cecil B. DeMille!" But he looked thoughtful.

Janey grinned. "Mr. Reiner, I wouldn't be surprised if you'd given us the tail-feathers of something super-duper."

As it turned out, he had. All the troops attacked the question and asked for suggestions. From each troop a member was chosen to act on a general board for sorting the good ideas from the useless. Boy and Girl Scout heads acted as final judges. Many of the ideas were impossible to work out, some were silly, but most had something of merit; and from them all, the board, with the help of Scout leaders, evolved a plan. It was so simple in its final state, that they wondered they had not thought of it before.

A few days after the scheme was completed, new placards appeared on Mr. Reiner's wagon and in store windows:—

*Better Than a War Show
Better Than Shakespeare
Better Than a Circus
THE SORCERER OF SCRAP*

*featuring
Boy and Girl Scouts of West Haven
And an All-Star Cast of Junk
Saturday - 8 P.M. - High School Auditorium
Admission—One Article of Scrap*

The first placards were followed by others—one asking "What has Hedy Lamarr got that Sal hasn't got? Sal who? Sal-vage. The Sorcerer of Scrap will reveal all at the High School Auditorium on Saturday night. Be there."

The announcements piqued curiosity. West Havenites asked one another, "What do you suppose those Scouts are up to now?" No circumstances could have kept them away at eight o'clock on Saturday evening. The pile of scrap in the box by the door of the auditorium grew rapidly.

Flags and bunting decorated the stage. There was no curtain, but there was a backdrop, painted with a comic scene of crooked houses in a row.

Promptly at eight, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts marched upon the stage and went through a brief drill. Then picked color-bearers came forward; a Boy Scout led the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, and Darcy Hunter led the audience in singing "America." When the Scouts had filed off, Tad appeared from the wings, dressed—much against his will, though he now seemed to be enjoying it—as Uncle Sam.

He said, "Hello, folks! I guess you know who I am. But you don't know what I have to do with the Sorcerer of Scrap. That's the first surprise of the evening. I am the Sorcerer of Scrap—your old Uncle Sam. You've been asked to give me all you can—everything you can't use—and I guess a lot of you don't see the good in it. I'm going to show you

(Continued on page 35)



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THE RIDDLE OF MADAGASCAR

"An uninhabited land of high mountains, dense forests, large and terrible beasts, and birds so big they can carry elephants."

That is the gist of what certain Arabian merchants told Marco Polo when that Venetian globe-trotter was on his way home from China toward the end of the thirteenth century. The land the merchants were describing was one that the world came to know later as the island of Madagascar.

How much truth was there in their description? They were correct as to the high mountains and dense forests. But explorers who came to Madagascar centuries later



found no large and terrible animals—only small ones, notably the lemur (sketched above). There were no elephant-carrying birds, but scientists did dig up the fossil remains of a bird twice the size of an ostrich. They called it the Aepyornis. It laid eggs so large that a single egg might have served a hundred people for breakfast.

The Arabian merchants were mistaken, too, in thinking that Madagascar was uninhabited. It was thinly populated by tribes intermittently at war. As the centuries rolled by, the biggest tribe, the Hova, finally gained supremacy. A Hova queen was ruling when, in 1896, the French won control by force and made the island a colony of France. They deposed and exiled the queen.

The French thought they had a rich prize in this huge island, bigger than their own country. Its mineral and agricultural resources seemed almost limitless. But Europeans could do little manual work under the fierce sun, and the three and a half million natives proved inadequate as a labor force.

When the French administrators tried to gain some idea of the island's history, the natives could give little help. Even now, Madagascar is, in part, a mystery. Certain areas have never been fully explored.

When World War II began, the island became an ever growing menace since it lies across Allied lines of communication from the Cape of Good Hope to the Middle East, India, and Australia. Enemy submarines which attacked shipping near the French colony were believed to have bases there. The French administrators were taking their or-

ders from Pierre Laval, notoriously pro-Axis. So, last May, the British staged a Commando raid and captured the seaport of Diégo-Suarez, on the island's northern tip. But submarines still kept sinking Allied ships. The British realized they must occupy all of Madagascar. In September they started a new drive which, at this writing, seems to have won them virtually full control.

How about Madagascar's future? Nobody can say. What is in store for this island of mystery is even a greater mystery.

MARCH WITH THE HEALTH PARADE!

The war has been pulling doctors, dentists, and nurses away from our civilian life. By 1943, we're told, it may have taken almost a third of them. This being the case, it's more than ever advisable for everybody to guard his own health. So a campaign sponsored by the Institute of Life Insurance merits our cooperation. "The Keep Well Crusade"—as the Institute calls this campaign—has widened until there are now a hundred and twenty-eight keep-well committees distributed through forty-two States. Dr. Thomas Parran of the U. S. Public Health Service helped to work out the program. The committees are stressing these simple rules for the average person:

1. *Eat right.* Milk, butter, eggs, fish, meat, cheese, beans and peas, fruits, green leafy vegetables and the yellow ones, whole-grain or enriched cereals and bread—these are the key foods. Eat plenty of them.
2. *Get Your Rest.* Regularity counts most. You can't catch up adequately on lost sleep, or missed relaxation. Go to bed on time, get up on time.
3. *See your doctor once a year, your dentist*



twice a year. Physicians can prevent many diseases and illnesses. 4. *Keep clean.* Plenty of baths, lots of soap. Clean hands, clothes, houses, beds! Get fresh air, sunshine. Drink lots of water. 5. *"Play" some each day.* Romp with the family, visit with friends, take walks, play games—or do whatever you like to give your mind and body a rest from daily routine.

Dr. Parran adds a final bit of advice: We can lessen unnecessary worry about ourselves by helping others who have more reason to worry than we have.

THE "CAN-DO" MAN

The present war is largely a war of mass production methods, mass production men. Standing head and shoulders above most of such men is a builder named Henry J. Kaiser.

Sixty-year-old Henry Kaiser, a big fellow with a big grin, was born in Canajoharie, New York. As a boy he had little formal education. As a young man he worked in a mountain village—Lake Placid, New York—developing and printing snapshots taken by summer visitors. One of his customers was a Miss Bessie Fosburgh. He did a good photographic job for her. About a year later, he married her. His father-in-law had pointed to opportunities in the Pacific Northwest.



Henry Kaiser took his bride there. Those were the years when the Northwest's streets were beginning to get paved, its highways starting to be built. So young Mr. Kaiser went into the construction business.

Intensely practical, resourceful, he rose fast. He and his associates built Boulder Dam, Bonneville Dam, and more recently Grand Coulee, the biggest dam on earth. People began to call him the "can-do" man.

The coming of World War II underscored the need for cargo ships. Henry Kaiser started to build them by a new process. Instead of putting them up on the "ways"—the usual method—his West Coast companies constructed them in sections, in prefabrication plants. Giant cranes lifted the finished sections to the ways, where they were fitted and joined together.

In the first World War the best record for constructing similar ships was two hundred and twelve days. Mr. Kaiser cut the required time again and again. Last September he broke all records by launching a 10,500 ton freighter in ten days. (Perhaps he'll have done even better when you read this.)

Next, he sought Government permission to use these same methods in building thousands of cargo planes. The War Production Board, however, merely authorized him and his new, airplane-builder partner, Howard Hughes, to construct three huge test planes. If these three "samples" prove practical, mass production will follow. The "can-do" man is sure that he can and will do this job, and that fleets of cargo planes will shorten the war.

Lucy Ellen wants to meet your friends



So do Bushy and Lofty . . . Eggs and Minty . . . and other companions of gay hours spent with THE AMERICAN GIRL. And your friends will enjoy knowing them as much as you do. So here's an idea! For Christmas, give your friends a subscription to your own favorite magazine! It's a grand gift, and one that keeps coming to them for a full year. Of course, we'll announce your gift with a personal greeting card.

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JANEY and the JUNKMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

there's not only good in it—but glamour, too."

Suddenly Janey was on the stage, dressed as a ridiculous old woman in a black dress with a bustle, an absurd coat and hat, and carrying a parasol. She croaked, "See here, Mister! There's about as much glamour in salvage as there is Hedy Lamarr in me. Why, I never heard of such a thing! And what do you mean, you're a sorcerer?"

"I mean I can wave my hand and the salvage you think so little of can turn into big and wonderful things."

"Hmph! I'd like to see it."

"Maybe you will. But first I'd like to show these folks what people like you do to hinder our drive."

He and Janey stepped aside and two boys and two girls came out with a large basket labeled "Junk, Please," as though on a mission for salvage. They went up to the first painted door on the back drop, and a bell rang shrilly backstage. A head poked through a slit where a door was painted, and said, "Scrap? Scrap? No thanks, I don't want to buy any," and disappeared.

At each door a little skit was enacted, in which the householders appeared uninterested, or unwilling to be bothered. It was exaggerated, of course, but the audience caught on and laughed.

Uncle Sam and the gloomy old woman reappeared.

She sniffed. "That's just how it is, and I'd like to know how you think it *should* be?"

"I'll show you!"

The Scouts came back again. This time they were greeted with glad shouts from the houses and everybody gave them something—an old rubber hose, a hot-water bag, tin cans, a can labeled "Fat." In answer to a summons, a Boy Scout came through the curtains, juggling three cans. He was an expert performer and kept up his juggling for several minutes before he caught all three cans and held them out to the audience. On the three cans Mr. Reiner had painted three frowning faces well known to the enemies of the Axis.

"This doesn't hurt me half as much as it hurts them," the juggler said, and tossed the cans into the basket as the audience clapped.

Next a figure rolled out from under the curtain, dressed as a bather in an old-fashioned swim suit, and hopelessly entangled in two inner tubes. The Scouts helped him to get out of the tubes, and he leaped to his feet. "I got mixed up in those last Fourth of July when I went swimming, and if it hadn't been for the salvage campaign, I'd have spent my life in them. Freedom at last!"

When the various acts were over, Uncle Sam came back. "Those were for your amusement. Now I want to show you what a sorcerer I really am."

The backdrop was pulled aside. The audience had expected some surprise, but it saw only two huge piles of junk and two odd looking frames made of wire and laths. Uncle Sam said, "Now you see just plain junk, the way it looks when you turn it in." He waved his hand. "And now you'll see—"

Scouts poured out upon the stage and began to dive into the piles of junk. They swarmed about the frames—nailing, tacking, pasting, working swiftly, for they had practised this again and again. More and more puzzled, the audience watched closely.

(Continued on page 38)



MANY a Christmas list this year would be starting off with a "new bike," were it not for the war. But if Uncle Sam needs the new bike and the smooth new MORROW Coaster Brake, you may have been counting on, just remember this: A little care will do a lot to keep your present bike in top condition. And when Victory does come, you can count on your post war MORROW Coaster Brake to bring you the safest braking and longest coasting you've ever enjoyed on a bike. Eclipse Machine Division, Bendix Aviation Corporation.

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NAME YOUR OWN COMICS, IX

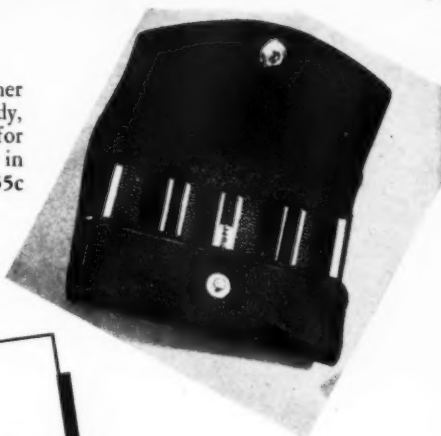
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ORSON LOWELL

Win a prize by naming
this picture. For rules,
see page 39. The win-
ning title will be announced
in the January, 1943 issue





A Coin Case for him or her keeps small change handy, and there's a safe pocket for bills, too. Green leather in pinsel grain. 11-623.....55c



A Photo Folder to tuck in one's pocket is tops on their gift list. Holds two favorite snapshots and folds to $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5''$. Real leather in green. 11-740.....25c

Do your Christmas Scouting Early!

Here are gifts the boys and girls in service want — attractive, useful gifts that everyone likes. Be sure to send them promptly!



She'll like the Billfold, tailored like a man's but ladylike in size, with four compartments and a coin pocket. Dark green, real leather. 11-655.....60c



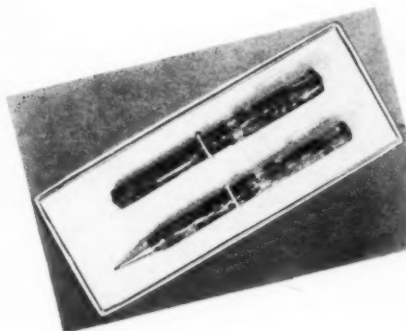
A Vanity Set for her purse, or his pocket, holds a mirror, comb and file in its green leather case. 12-301 45c



This handy Ristlite bracelets to the wrist, leaving both hands free, or stands on its easel. Throws a bright beam 500 feet. Green plastic case, complete with battery. 11-430..98c



A compact Toilet Kit with fitted pockets holding mirror, comb, soap box, toothbrush container, washcloth and soap, is a practical gift. The strong drill case ties in a snug roll. 12-320.....\$1.50



The Pen and Pencil Set in a ladies' size is handsome in mottled green, with gold-filled clip and band. The pen point is 14-K gold, the pencil has extra leads. 11-761—Set, \$2.25



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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

FLYING TIGERS. The dragon-faced planes of the American Volunteer Group are seldom out of the China skies in this splendid saga of their help in stalling Japan's conquest of our Asiatic ally. The well told story is subordinated to thrilling action, but the characters are all believable and life at the improvised airfield seems real. The men talk as one imagines they do and and fight like demons. The Chinese refugee children are delightful. In all, this is one of the best War films to date, very well acted by John Wayne, John Carroll, Anna Lee, and a large cast. (Rep.)

YOUNG MR. PITT, THE. The marked parallel between the days when William Pitt the younger roused England to defend herself against the conquering Napoleon, and Churchill's rallying of the people to an all-out war effort against Hitler gives this fine historical film its dramatic impact. Robert Donat is splendid as Pitt, and the characterization of Pitt's rival, Charles James Fox, by Robert Morley is brilliant. Settings, costumes, and other production details are all of the best. (Fox)

Good

BELLS OF CAPISTRANO. Gene Autry steps out of pictures into the Army Air Force, leaving a final film which ranks high among the many good, wholesome pictures to his credit. In this one he saves a rodeo owned by a girl from the clutches of an unscrupulous rival. Of course this gives Gene a chance to appear in the show, which means a treat of fine riding and pleasant singing for the audience. (Rep.)

FLYING FORTRESS. Filmed with the cooperation of the R.A.F., this contains many technical details of actual flights, including the final one to bomb Berlin, which will have great interest for air-minded audiences. Richard Greene returns to the screen to play an American playboy whose courageous action in crawling out on a wing-tip to extinguish a fire in the bomber's motor makes him acceptable to the Squadron, and to himself, in a realization of what we are fighting for. Actual combat shots are used and the flights have been carefully photographed. (Warners)

FOR ME AND MY GAL. Although this musical film employs all the old hokum tricks to bring tears to your eyes, at times it succeeds in rising above sentimentality through the honest playing of Judy Garland and George Murphy, and the brilliant capacity of Gene Kelly for seeming to be the very prototype of the flashy opportunist he plays. It is fascinating to be able to study this close-up of a type we all meet in life—the person who uses one as a step-up and then goes on to the next person who can help him achieve his ambition. In this case it is the outmoded goal of the vaudevillian, to play at New York's Palace theatre—nowadays the road leads to Hollywood. The film has another striking virtue—it re-creates the amateur sports-field cheering spirit in which we went to war in 1918. Now it all seems naive and touching and rather futile in the face of our present more mature awareness of the seriousness of our responsibilities. But the old songs are wonderfully sung and the film has nostalgic interest. It is because of these revealing sidelights on World War I that we highly recommend a film that in story is somewhat obvious. (MGM)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE. Jack Benny's air of urban casualness is the perfect foil for the shocks an old house in the country can furnish one who likes his comfort. Jack's wife (Ann Sheridan), who can't resist antiques, buys a wreck of a house because General Washington was supposed to have occupied a room there. The fun begins on their first visit to the place, with Jack's tumbles through rotted floors and the caretaker's doleful account of all the expensive supplies they'll need, including spray for the trees (Who sprays the trees in the forest? Jack wants to know). After spending all their savings on fixing



ROBERT DONAT IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "THE YOUNG MR. PITT," A HISTORIC PICTURE

the place up and becoming attached to it, they almost lose it to a grasping neighbor because they can't meet the second installment on the purchase price. But in bounces Uncle Stanley (Charles Coburn), and other balmy instruments of fate, to add to the uproarious confusion and save the homestead for the seventeen-year locusts to feast on. (Warner)

HALF WAY TO SHANGHAI. Passengers on a train bound for Rangoon are involved in a murder mystery when Nazis catch up with a double-crosser. A Burmese detective solves the case. (Univ.)

MANILA CALLING. Lloyd Nolan is the leader of a band of American and Filipino guerrillas, who fight off Japs while a shortwave radio transmitter is being built to get the truth over the air to offset Jap propaganda. The film holds the interest and does not make the mistake of underrating the enemy. (Fox)

SPIRIT OF STANFORD, THE. Frankie Albert, the Glendale Flash, plays himself in this college football film with a really convincing academic, as well as sports atmosphere. Ernie Nevers, Stanford's all-time All American also appears in the film and there are excellent football sequences. (Col.)

TEXAS TO BATAAN. The Range Busters, prior to the war, make their way to the Philippines with a consignment of U. S. Cavalry mounts and discover Jap villainy which has its beginnings back in Texas. Needless to say, they clean up the outfit on their return. Interesting scenes in the Philippines add timeliness to an enjoyable Western. (Mono.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

FLYING TIGERS

Good

BELLS OF CAPISTRANO
FLYING FORTRESS
FOR ME AND MY GAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
SPIRIT OF STANFORD
TEXAS TO BATAAN

JANEY and the JUNKMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Suddenly a bugle call sounded. The Scouts stepped aside. Gasps went up from the audience.

Out of the scrap and the unwieldy frames, two realistic, if small, machines of war had been constructed—a tank and a bomber. Pasteboard, rags, rubber, and metal, used ingeniously, had made two recognizable replicas. Tin cans formed the dials of the bomber's engines, pipes made the guns of the tank, and a round metal tub its turret. The use of the salvaged material was amusing, but it was also impressive.

Uncle Sam said, "This is what I can do with your scrap. You've thought it wasn't much use to give it. Now you've seen before your eyes how I make it count for victory."

Janey ran on, "Uncle Sam, I take it all back. You're right—and I'm Hedy Lamarr!" She took off the bustle, which had only been hooked on; pulled off the absurd hat so that the long black hair of a wig fell down over her shoulders; took off the coat to reveal that underneath she wore an evening dress. And she was no longer a fussy old woman, but a more than fair Hedy Lamarr.

By the applause which went with the laughter, no one could doubt that the Scouts had made their point, and when Tad invited everyone up on the stage to view the tank and plane, there was a general scraping of chairs. Before anyone could reach the stage, however, West Haven's stout and jovial Mayor was there, holding up his hands.

"I think we all appreciate just what our Scouts have tried to tell us. How many of us are going away, realizing how big a part little things can play? I know I am. And I want to extend my thanks, and the thanks of the whole town, to these two groups for giving us the most effective picture we could have of what is behind the salvage campaign."

"There's something else I'd like to add. One of our Girl Scouts told me before the performance that Mr. Fritz Reiner, our collector of scrap, originally gave the Scouts their idea for this. Our thanks to Mr. Reiner, too. He is vitally important to this campaign, and I hope he will continue to serve us when the war is over. There is no glory attached to what he does—but I think we understand we couldn't get on without him. Injustices have been done to Mr. Reiner—the sort of injustices we are fighting. We all know that being an American has nothing to do with a man's name or his ancestors, but with the way he leads his personal and civic life. In West Haven, or in any other town of this country, there is not a better American today than Mr. Reiner."

Mr. Reiner, in the first row with his children about him, reddened with embarrassment, and Bill Reiner, in his sailor's uniform, home on shore leave, squeeze his arm.

BE A REGISTERED GIRL SCOUT

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For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

Janey, behind the scenes, with the wig in her hand and her own hair blazing, said, "Tad, I really believe the Scouts have done it again."

Tad replied, "You bet!" He hesitated. "Janey, I've got something to tell you. I wanted to wait until it was all settled and—well, now it is."

"What, Tad?" His tone puzzled her.

"Just that—however exciting you thought the scrap campaign—I know you've been kind of thinking it was too bad I wasn't wearing another kind of uniform. I want to tell you I've joined the Marine Reserves."

Feeling as though she had swallowed a ball of lead, Janey stammered, "Oh, Tad—but you aren't old enough. You can't possibly join."

"Oh, not for now! But you see, the way they work it, you can join if you're going to college to take up engineering, or something like that. I'll major in civil engineering when I start college after I graduate from high school this January. I'll be in the Reserves all through college, and when I get out I'll be an officer. Except that they can call me any time they need me."

His face was serious, and Janey felt oddly as though she might cry.

"Aren't you proud of me?"

"Tad—you know I am!" Impulsively she grasped his hand. "But I never meant you to think I wasn't. Why Tad, I'll never be prouder of you than I am of you in your Scout uniform, and I'll never be prouder of anything you do than I am of what you and other Scouts are doing. Nobody could be, and I—oh, I've got to see Mac and Candy!" She fled.

"What's wrong with you?" Mac demanded as she came up. "You look as though you'd seen a soupy movie."

"I do not!"

"You do, too," Candy declared. "You can't look like that at a glorious time like this."

Janey scowled fiercely. "Yes, I can!" she said.

Rules for the "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for this month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic on page 36 will receive a BOOK as a prize.

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many titles as she chooses, but please *print* the titles on separate slips of paper and include with each title, on the same slip of paper, your name, address, age, and date. When a title submitted by more than one person proves to be the winner, the prize goes to the entry received first. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, c/o THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City.

You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed by November fifteenth. The winners will be announced in the January issue.

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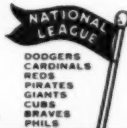
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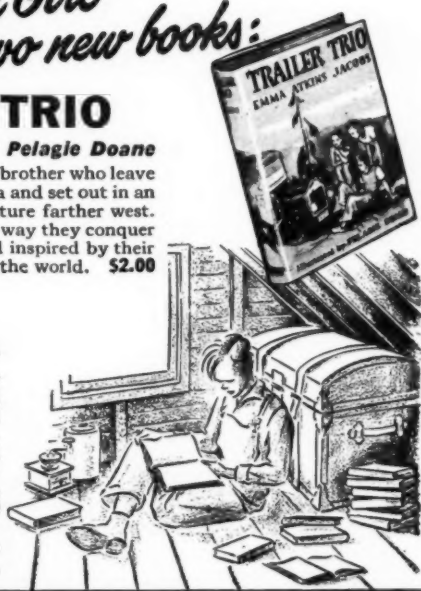
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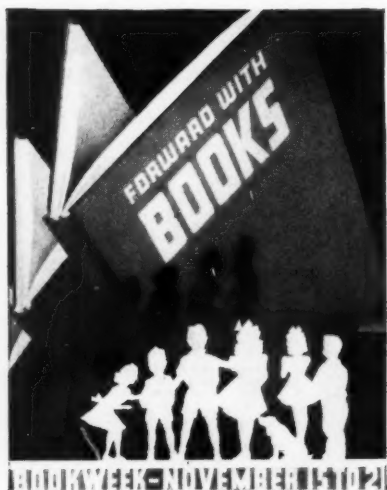


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by MARJORIE CINTA



liberty in the hills and rivers, aye, in the very sweep of the winds." In spite of danger, Jon and Astrid were happy there, and the falcon, too, seemed to love the wild unconfined spaces. Although she did not falter in her obedience to her young master, the eyes of the bird followed a certain wild falcon winging away to the east. Here in the land where it seemed to Olaf "no thralls should be," the old man at last agreed to ask for his freedom; and Jon—although it tore his heart—realizing the falcon's courage, "strong enough to cope with liberty which is a heritage requiring courage," knew he must set the white gyrfree.

Reading *Inga of Porcupine Mine* (Holiday House, \$2) is like making a visit to the iron country of northern Michigan, for the author, Caroline R. Stone, lives in that region and writes of the land and its foreign-born people with an understanding which makes them very real. Inga's Cornish father was a miner and, at the Company school, Inga enjoyed the companionship of children of half-a-dozen nationalities. It was her Finnish mother's skill in cooking that gave the girl the idea of the way to earn her tuition for art school. Working to earn her tuition; visiting the county fair; picnicking in the woods; skiing in the winter; trimming a Christmas tree for the birds; observing Finnish holiday customs; helping her family—this is the record of a good year for Inga.

Especially inspiring at this time is *For Love of Country* (Dutton, \$2), Wilhelmina Harper's fine collection of stories about boys and girls who have cherished freedom and acted with courage in other emergencies in our history. There is the story of Tobe, the colored boy who performed his duty "de bes' he knowed"; of David who rode for Paul Revere; of Mercy Harriman, hiding her brother and sister from prowling Indians and planting a garden in New England; of a Quaker lass riding for reinforcements for the Colonial soldiers. You will enjoy these and many others, including five stories by favorite authors, originally published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

The Falcon of Eric the Red (Longman's, \$2.25), by Catherine Cate Coblenz, a story of the Vikings in America, will also lift your spirit like a "rush of wings sweeping upward." Eric the Red flouted tradition when he presented the whitest of all Greenland's falcons to the boy, Jon, who had trained the bird. For kings alone were permitted to fly the white gyrs, as this type of falcon was called, and Jon was only a castaway, the protégé of Eric's thrall, wise old Olaf. Olaf and Jon, with the white falcon, and Astrid, Jon's playmate, were among the brave company who sailed to Vineland—which was the name Eric's son, Lief the Lucky, had given to America. The new land was the fairest Olaf had ever seen, with something strange in the air, a "sense of

Leader" and author of many of your favorite books. Although it was during the first World War that Marcy Curtis became a social worker in the foreign community of an Eastern industrial center, her experiences make stimulating reading to-day. Back home in Utah, Marcy had found it hard to put down on paper her idea of America. In Boonton, through making friends with good-natured Tony, the Italian taxi-driver; big Father Gregory, priest of the Russian Orthodox Church and his tiny wife; and with Anne, youngest of the Polish "handkerchief girls," Marcy learned, paradoxically, that "there is more to being a citizen of a democracy than just being born in it." America began to mean more to her than the beloved hills of Utah, and freedom became something to be cherished and fought for. With nothing of patronage or superiority in her attitude, Marcy rejoiced when the Polish girls put aside their handkerchiefs and bought American hats, for she knew that "when the heart, too, takes a holiday from the handkerchief" they would really be Americans. There were many good times in Boonton, for added to the fun of learning to drink Russian tea and eat exotic Polish dishes, Marcy enjoyed the attentions of a gay young reporter and an equally attractive lieutenant in the air force.



A drawing by Agnes Lehman for "Proud Lady" published by J. B. Lippincott Company

A story about foreign-born Americans, for older girls, is *Handkerchief Holiday* (Macmillan, \$2) by our own Fjeril Hess, editor of "The Girl Scout

Proud Lady (Lippincott, \$2), by Gertrude Crownfield, is laid in the Swedish settlement of New Castle, Delaware, which had been brought first under Dutch and then under English rule. Although New Castle was tranquil in 1669, Astrid Nilsson was worried about her brother, Gunnar, for she knew he was restive and hot-headed. Her good friend, Eric Helm, tried to laugh away her fears, but when evil old Hans Bricker went unpunished for his attempt to steal the Nilssons' pigs, Gunnar became more bitter than ever against English justice. Then a stranger, Long Finn, claiming royal blood, appeared in the community to incite the Swedes to rebellion. Not even Astrid's pleading could keep Gunnar from joining the rebels. Loyal Swedes, including Astrid's father, Lars Nilsson, denounced Long Finn for the rogue he was, and his followers were arrested. Gunnar escaped to the woods, but Lars was held as hostage in his son's place until Eric, who would have dared anything to spare Astrid suffering, brought Gunnar back to take his medicine. Through the intervention of kind friends, Christmas, for which the Nilsson family had been preparing to observe the Swedish customs, though with sorrowful hearts, became unexpectedly a happy occasion.



Drawn by Henry C. Pitz for "The Falcon of Eric the Red" (Longmans, Green and Co.)



Drawn by Henrietta Jones for "Apple Pie Inn" published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company

Apple Pie Inn (Crowell, \$2), by Mary Dickerson Donahey, is full of humor, develops a satisfying mystery, and introduces a lively and interesting group of boys and girls. Letty Lee Lester was new to a certain country village when, through Mrs. Langtry, the cow, she met the Stephens children, who were as poor as poor could be and lived with their invalid mother in a tumble-down "haunted house." It was Letty Lee's inspiration that turned the old house into Apple Pie Inn. About Beaver Blair, who also took a great interest in the Stephens and Apple Pie Inn, there was a mystery, for no one but Dr. Barton knew who the boy was, or where he came from. The first guests at the inn, two men from the city, had some strange connection with Beaver, but they seemed to be kindly men and they paid well. Just when things were beginning to improve for the Stephens family, the meanness of a miserly old man brought all their troubles back again in full force, and the tantalizing mystery of Beaver Blair and the two city men grew deeper and deeper. It took quick action on the part of the children, and the cooperation of the grown-ups, to save the day.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL
You will be glad to know that Oxford University Press has published a book of AMERICAN GIRL jokes called **Lots of Laughs** (\$.50). The funny little sketches are by Elizabeth Ripley who has also selected the jokes from those which have appeared in "Laugh and Grow Scout." The book is full of amusing stories which you will enjoy telling to your friends.

A career was the last thing frivolous Sharon Hawes, the heroine of Esther Greenacre Hall's new book, **Sharon's Career** (Random House, \$2), had in mind when she returned from her sophomore year in college, all ready for vacation fun—only to be told of her parents' plans for a separation. Deeply hurt and resentful, she refused to accompany either parent, insisting on spending her summer with Grandmother Hawes on her Connecticut farm. Grandmother, who felt much as Sharon did about marital difficulties in the Hawes family, had sold her beloved grandfather clock, which had been in the family since 1795, rather than tell her son of her financial straits. It was Sharon's attempt to buy back the clock which led to her adventures with "The One Hawes Shay," an antique shop she started in her grandmother's barn. Sharon's neighbors, Henry and Etta, the Fillmore twins, provided fun and companionship, as well as inspiration and valuable help in the antique enterprise. Duncan Burns, a handsome young Harvard man, had a hand in it, too, though his clear-sightedness was often a bit too keen for Sharon's comfort. Many amusing and exciting things happened, including the worst hurricane in Connecticut's history, before Sharon, with surprising determination, proved her ability to make a go of the "One Hawes Shay"—and then, unexpectedly and happily, it became "The Four Hawes Shay."

For a younger brother or sister, you'll be delighted with **Jared's Blessing** by Hildegard Woodward (Scribner's, \$1.75). Jared, the parson's son, called his stray pet, Blessing, but the exuberant puppy seemed anything but a blessing to the parson and his wife and to their neighbors. In the end, however, the whole town praised the pup and all the boys envied Jared.

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WINGS OVER THE MARSH

One of the best ways to invite wild ducks to a pond is to release a few tame ducks on it. With these birds swimming around peacefully, wild ones soon learn to drop down whenever they pass over. Then if plenty of grain or other food is available in the water, they promptly begin to feel at home. I know several small lakes, in cities, which are fairly covered with wild mallard ducks, black ducks, and pintail ducks every autumn. The wild-fowl there grow so tame that they will waddle up and eat bread crusts out of children's hands. But the moment they leave the sanctuaries, they become very shy again. They know where they are safe and where they are in danger.

While it is natural, in this issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, to be talking about wa-

terfowl in autumn rather than at any other season, I should like to mention one experience that you can have only in spring or summer. Sometime I hope you will discover a wild duck's nest. The mother duck won't fly rapidly away from her eggs or youngsters as you would expect her to. Instead she will go flapping and fluttering over the ground, trying to coax you to chase her. She will pretend to be badly crippled. If you do try to catch her, she will lead you a long way from her nest before she finally cries, "Quack, quack!" and flies lightly away. Then you will feel a little foolish at having been tricked by a bird.

But please don't wait until mother ducks are sitting on eggs in warm spring sunshine before you start making friends with water-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

fowl. Crisp, fragrant autumn days are active ones for these strong-winged birds. Now is the best time to get acquainted with them.

If you should become a wide-awake bird watcher this very week, I should not be at all surprised if, before autumn ends, you would discover a flock of wild ducks flying against the sunset sky. They probably will be moving fast, seeming to be sure where they are going. Naturally such a sight will make you consider how truly wonderful it is that birds can fly enormous distances without maps, scientific instruments, or other helps. And you may feel so awed and excited that you will just have to write a poem about it, as William Cullen Bryant did, long ago, when he beheld a nameless duck flying swiftly north "against the crimson sky."

FAVORITE COOKIE RECIPES *of the Young Stars*

Variations

CHOCOLATE ROLLED COOKIES:

Sift $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa with the dry ingredients in recipe for Gloria Jean's Rolled Cookies.

MAPLE ROLLED COOKIES:

Use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple syrup instead of the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup called for in the recipe above. Omit vanilla. Good with pecan halves.

DATE PINWHEELS:

Divide chilled rolled cookie dough into two parts. Roll out one half at a time into a large rectangle, about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, spread with cooled date mixture (recipe below), and roll up like a jelly roll. (Start rolling from the long side of the rectangles.) Wrap each date roll in waxed paper and chill several hours, or until cookies are needed. Then, using a sharp knife, cut off $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices, lay cut side down on greased cookie sheet, and bake same as Rolled Cookies.

DATE FILLING FOR PINWHEELS:

1 cup chopped, pitted $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped dates
pecans or walnuts
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey

Mix ingredients and cook over a low fire for 3 to 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool before using.

FILLED FIG JUMBLES:

Make Gloria Jean's Rolled Cookies, and roll out $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick according to directions. Cut out in large rounds with a floured cookie cutter. On half of the rounds put a teaspoon of fig filling, not allowing it to spread over the edge. Place another cookie on top of each filled cookie, and press down all around the edges with a fork. Put cookies on a greased baking sheet and bake at 350° F. until brown.

FIG FILLING FOR JUMBLES:

1 cup stemmed, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey
chopped dried figs $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped
1 teaspoon lemon juice nuts
1 pinch salt

Combine ingredients and cook over a low fire for five minutes, or until thick, stirring constantly. Cool before using.

JELLY JUMBLES:

Make the same as "Filled Fig Jumbles" above, but instead of the fig filling use a teaspoonful of jelly, jam, or marmalade. (Don't fill too full.)

VIRGINIA WEIDLER thinks Butterscotch Icebox Cookies so good that she often skimps on sugar in other dishes in order to make them. They only take one cup of brown sugar, and are so delicious they melt in your mouth:

BUTTERSCOTCH ICEBOX COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon baking
sifted powder
1 well beaten egg 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup flour, sifted 1 cup chopped nuts

Preparation:

1. Work butter with a wooden spoon until soft, and beat the brown sugar in gradually until fluffy and free from lumps.
2. Add egg slowly, beating in well.
3. Sift dry ingredients together (flour, salt, and baking powder), and add, stirring in well.
4. Stir in nuts and vanilla and put in refrigerator to chill.
5. After an hour or so, remove to a lightly floured board and form into small rolls. (Lightly dust your hands with flour to prevent sticking.)
6. Wrap rolls in waxed paper and return to refrigerator for several hours, or until ready to use. (Will keep several days.)
7. Slice off pieces the size of a silver dollar, using a sharp knife. Arrange on a greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 5 minutes, or until brown.

Virginia and her brothers and sisters are also fond of cookies made with molasses—both the crisp, hard wafer kind, and the old-fashioned, soft, "gingerbready" kind. Virginia says there is nothing better for a mid-afternoon snack than a spicy molasses cookie and a tall glass of cold milk. Here are her recipes—and these don't call for any sugar:

VIRGINIA'S CRISP MOLASSES COOKIES

1 cup molasses 2 teaspoons ginger
1 cup melted shorten- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
ing $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

1 well beaten egg 1 teaspoon baking
 $\frac{4}{12}$ cups sifted flour soda
1 teaspoon salt

Preparation:

1. Measure out shortening in a large bowl, then measure the molasses in the same cup. Blend together.
2. Add egg to first mixture, stirring well.
3. Sift dry ingredients together (flour, spices, soda, and salt), and add gradually to the first mixture. Blend well.
4. Chill dough in refrigerator an hour or more.
5. Turn out on a lightly floured board and roll out to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness. Cut out with floured cookie cutters.
6. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 to 12 minutes, or until browned.
7. If desired, cookies may be sprinkled with white granulated sugar before baking.

VIRGINIA'S SOFT GINGER COOKIES

4 cups flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted short-
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt ening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup
2 teaspoons ginger 1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon baking 1 egg, well beaten
powder 1 tablespoon vinegar
2 teaspoons soda or lemon juice
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water

Preparation:

1. Sift all the dry ingredients in the first column (flour, salt, spices, baking powder, and soda.) Sift flour before measuring.
2. Combine the rest of the ingredients in a large bowl, blend well, and stir in the sifted dry ingredients gradually. Mix well.
3. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet.
4. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes, or until browned lightly. (It may take a little longer, but do not let burn.)
5. When done, remove immediately to rack to cool.
6. If you have any extra powdered sugar in the house, these cookies are delicious when thinly iced with a lemon icing. (Take about 1 cup confectioner's sugar and add enough lemon juice, or cream with a few drops of lemon extract, to make an icing that will spread easily.)

SHIRLEY TEMPLE enjoys baking cookies that she can whip up in a jiffy. The first ones are made out of sweetened condensed milk, which should not be confused with the evaporated milk we use in cooking. The sweetened condensed milk is very sweet, thick, and heavy, and you have to remove the top of the can in order to pour it out.

MOCK MACAROONS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ of a large can) sweetened, nut condensed milk 2 cups shredded coco- nut 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix all ingredients and drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet, leaving room to spread. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes, or until golden brown. Remove immediately to a rack to cool. Makes about 2 dozen.

JIFFY DATE AND NUT COOKIES

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ of a large can) sweetened, condensed milk $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts 1 cup chopped, pit- ted dates $\frac{1}{4}$ cup peanut butter

Blend milk thoroughly into peanut butter, add nuts and dates, and drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet, leaving room to spread. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 15 minutes, or until brown. Remove at once to a rack, to cool.

RAISIN BRAN GOODIES

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ of a large can) sweetened, condensed milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ready-to-eat bran, or wheat flakes cereal, packed in a cup $\frac{1}{4}$ cup peanut butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins

Preparation:

Blend milk thoroughly into peanut butter, add raisins and dry cereal flakes, and drop mixture by teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet, leaving room to spread. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 15 minutes, or until brown. Remove immediately to a rack to cool.

Old-fashioned marguerites are just as easy to make, and they are also favorites with Shirley Temple:

MARSHMALLOW MARGUERITES

Crisp, salted soda crackers Marshmallows

Nuts, dried or candied fruit

Place crackers side by side in a shallow baking pan. Put a marshmallow on the center of each cracker, and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until the marshmallows melt and nearly cover the crackers. Remove the pan from the oven and press a piece of nut, date, seeded raisin, or candied fruit in the center of each marguerite. These are tasty accompaniments to hot or cold beverages.

MERINGUE MARGUERITES

1 egg white 2 tablespoons sugar
Crisp, salted soda (chopped nuts or
crackers shredded coconut)

Beat the egg white until stiff enough to hold a point, then beat in the sugar thoroughly, one tablespoon at a time. Lay the crackers side by side in a shallow baking pan, and place a spoonful of the beaten meringue in the center of each cracker. Sprinkle with chopped nuts or shredded coconut if you wish, and bake about 15 minutes in a slow oven

THE AMERICAN GIRL

(300° F.) until golden brown. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla may be added to the meringue for extra flavor.

Best of all, Shirley says, are the big, fat sugar cookies that the Temple cook makes. She would rather have honey or syrup on cereal and in cocoa, so there will be enough sugar for these delicious cookies:

EARLY AMERICAN SUGAR COOKIES

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shortening $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs, well beaten 1 teaspoon lemon or
4 cups sifted flour vanilla extract
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk or buttermilk

Preparation:

1. Cream the shortening until soft, and beat the sugar in gradually until the mixture is fluffy.
2. Add the beaten eggs slowly, beating well into sugar and shortening mixture.
3. Sift dry ingredients (flour, salt, soda, and nutmeg.)
4. Add lemon extract to the sour milk.
5. Alternately add the dry ingredients and milk to the first mixture, and beat in well.
6. Chill dough at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in refrigerator.
7. Roll out on a lightly floured board to about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness. Cut with a large, floured cutter. Sprinkle cookies lightly with white, granulated sugar, and put a large seeded raisin in the center.
8. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Makes about 75 cookies.

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AN INTERESTING UNIT

AKRON, OHIO: I got my September issue last night and I've read it clear through! I am a Senior Girl Scout and I'm planning to go on with professional Scouting after I'm out of college. I have a lot to look forward to, though, because I still have two more years of high school. School starts in two weeks and, even though I was glad to get out last spring, I can't wait to get back again—not because of the studies, you understand, but because we have so much fun.

I've been going to our camp, Ledgewood, for five years and I'm going to put my application in for counselor for next year. Perhaps you've heard of our different unit, Homestead—I believe it is the only one of its kind in the United States. The campers have really built it. We have two fireplaces—one under cover and one out in the open—that the girls built themselves, even to mixing their own concrete. There is an icebox (a cave on the side of a hill with a little wooden frame supporting it) and a cistern that supplies us with rain water from our own roof.

My favorite pastimes are camping and club work in the winter, and camping, swimming, canoeing, hiking, and biking in the summer.

Helen Phyllis Zook

WE'RE SORRY, SARAH

DUNCAN, ARIZONA: I've taken THE AMERICAN GIRL close to three years, and I enjoy all the stories very much, except the Western stories. Living on a ranch is much different than the stories say it is. For instance—if I said I put on my sombrero, I would be laughed off the ranch.

I like Western stories, but please try to make them a little more real and not so fantastic.

Sarah Cosper

GETTING IN THE CROPS

WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA: I started taking THE AMERICAN GIRL back in December, 1939; I was eleven years old and, I must admit, I wasn't very interested in the magazine at the time. I took it for two years, the subscription ending in December, 1941. I wanted to subscribe again, just for the fun of getting a magazine, I guess, but because of the war my mother said I had better not.

Pretty soon I began to read some of the issues I had saved. Once I had started, I really dug in—and, boy, they were super! I was ashamed and glad at the same time—ashamed because I hadn't enjoyed them when I was

A penny for your thoughts

younger, and glad because of saving my two years' issues. In July of this year I subscribed again; this time it wasn't for receiving a magazine for no reason at all, but for receiving the magazine for a whopper of a reason.

I've been a Girl Scout for five years now, but we had so much trouble getting leaders that things went very slowly for a few years. About a year or so ago we got a new leader; she got us going on our own, instead of all working in such a slow and difficult way. I don't mean that we didn't work together—we did when we could—but everything worked better than in former years. I was thrilled when I became the first First Class Scout in our troop which consists of eighteen girls.

I'm now thirteen years old and will be happy when I start my freshman year in high school this October. Our schools usually start in September, but because of living in an agricultural valley and because there is a shortage of workers, the high school students have to work getting in the crops. I've worked in berries and apricots so far.

I live about three miles out of town in a nice neighborhood; there are five girls and six boys to play with. I haven't many hobbies, though I love boats. I ought to—there are four lakes near my house, and a creek, too!

Anne Gregory

DOUBLING UP

BELVIDERE, SOUTH DAKOTA: The minute I saw the cover design on the September issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I knew it was going to be another specially good number. Could we please have some more covers by Ruth Steed?

I live on a nineteen thousand acre ranch in the western part of South Dakota. I am thirteen years old and go to school in a small town twenty-three miles from my home. I go in to town at the beginning of each week and come home on Friday. Because of the tire shortage, three families of us are going to double up and take turns taking all the children in. In this way, one family car becomes a small bus each week.

I'm not a Girl Scout, but I am in a 4 H Club. This year we are taking the *Homelife* project which I have found very helpful. Last year my girl friend and I went to the State Fair with a demonstration on *Safety First on the Highways*.

I wish there was a possibility of having more stories in each issue. And what I enjoy most, besides the stories, are the *Name-Your-Own Comics*. The whole family enjoys them.

Jo Ann Berry

A HINT

ROME, GEORGIA: For three quarters of a year, now I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL, and there's never been an article or story that I didn't enjoy. My favorite characters are Dilsey, Yes-We-Can-Janey, the Sparkes family, Midge, and Lucy Ellen.

I am twelve years old, and in the eighth grade at Rome High School. I love horses and dogs, and stories about them, too. (That is a hint.)

I've been a Girl Scout for a year now, and I adore Scouting. Last summer I went to the Scout Camp near Rome. I had a wonderful summer there, and learned a lot.

Alice Cooper

PHOTOGRAPHY

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: Lately I've been wondering what I could be when I grow up. For a while I thought I'd be a writer, but I can hardly ever think of plots.

Another of my hobbies is photography. But what kind of a job could I get with that? I could develop pictures as a business, or I could take portraits, but I wouldn't like to do either of those things as a career. I'd like to take pictures to illustrate magazine articles, though. Maybe that is what is called professional photography, but I'm not sure. Couldn't we have an article in THE AMERICAN GIRL about photography and its money earning possibilities?

The *Sky-Blue Trailer* is a swell story. I have read "Caddie Woodlawn" by the same author, and liked it so much I read it twice.

The article, *Girl With a Dream*, about Katharine Cornell was a super story. The afternoon after I read it, I saw Miss Cornell's autobiography in the library and also the story of Flush, her dog. I want to read both of those books sometime.

Joan Carol Johnston

ARMY DOG

PELHAM MANOR, NEW YORK: I've wanted to write you for a long time, but every time I start, something turns up to do so I "put it off until tomorrow."

My hobbies are collecting stamps, old coins, and miniature horses. I am eleven years old and go to Prospect Hill School and am in the sixth grade.

I have a collie named Boots who is going to be an Army Sentry Dog. He is going away for training. We are going to give him a party before he goes.

Irene D. Burruss

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

in them, and when a girl of twenty-five can produce verse, plays, silhouettes and drawings which deserve and achieve publication, in addition to holding down a job, she inspires belief.

Rachel's work drew increasing attention, and soon her own drawings gave way to illustrations by such artists as Elizabeth MacKinstry and Dorothy Lathrop; and the editors of juvenile books, especially Louise Seaman of the Macmillan Company, took keen pleasure in helping her develop to the full extent of her powers. Their sympathetic attitude provided a new outlet for Rachel's characteristic generosity; she insisted that much of her success was due to wise editorial guidance and that much of the popularity of *Hitty: Her First Hundred Years* was due to the illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop. However appreciative authors may be of their illustrators and editors, they are rarely as earnestly insistent in drawing attention to it as was Rachel Field.

You probably know the story of Hitty—that she was a real doll found by Rachel herself in an antique shop, and carried home in triumph to be made the heroine of a book which brought its author the highest honor at that time bestowed on any writer of books for children. This was the Newbery medal, given annually to the author of the most distinguished children's book of the year.

The admirers of that book were to be many and of all ages. The medal was given to Rachel in the city of Los Angeles, and she and Hitty made the trip there by airplane—not as usual an occurrence then as now, and a most thrilling event. Thus Rachel and Hitty together flew across the continent they had spanned in imagination, and when they returned, it was to begin a new chapter in the author's life and writing.

It is one of the most fascinating chapters, for it is the one in which Rachel bridged the gap between being "as young as the waves and grasses" and took her most important steps toward becoming "as wise as the oldest star." She was now well known, and it would have been easy for her to have kept on writing the same sort of books and poems, and basking in the praise and approval which came to her from every quarter. But though she was not yet ready either for her greatest experiences or for her finest book, she did not try to sidestep the necessary growing pains. She put all the growing and reaching which was going on inside her into the imaginary girls and boys in her stories, who were going through the same process. She was a little awkward as yet about handling the boy characters, although there had been boys in several of her plays, and in one of her books called *The Magic Pawnshop*. But although boys do not play as important parts as girls in the two books which succeeded *Hitty*, they are always genuine and necessary to the interest of the story. *Calico Bush* tells about thirteen-year-old Marguerite, a "bound-out girl" who had to work for a pioneer family, and how she proved her courage in various ways. Marguerite knew that injustices should not be brooded over, just endured and fought to the best of one's ability—and right here is still another reason why Rachel Field's wish came true. She herself was as courageous as Marguerite, as well able to endure the kind of circumstances which may be helped only by steady patience.

Rachel's next book, *Hepatica Hawks*, also

WISH COME TRUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

showed that instead of crying on the world's shoulder when things don't go right, even the most sensitive girl can learn to sing her troubles away. Hepatica, who was a circus freak over six feet tall, learned to turn her embarrassing great height into an asset instead of a nuisance as she grew too old to be content with circus life—and Rachel herself, like Hepatica when Tony cruelly disappointed her faith in him, was also strengthening her courage under the disappointments which come to everyone, and steeling her determination never to let them swamp her.

Thus in these three books—*Hitty*, *Calico Bush*, and *Hepatica Hawks*—you may see nearly all the qualities which afterward flowered in Rachel Field's novels. And how truly American these books are! They make the United States, and especially the State of Maine, live for us, and the lives of the principal characters in the stories are tied up with those of French and English people, and Indians, too, all of whom are part of America.

At this stage of her life, Rachel had come as far as any writer for children, and for older girls and boys, could come. But her creative nature could not be content with mastery of one field of writing while another, untried field lay waiting her endeavor. Resolutely she took the next step—the writing of an adult novel. This first novel, *God's Pocket*, had a Maine setting, as its successor, *Time Out of Mind* (which is, to me, the finest of all her books) had also—and almost immediately Rachel took her place among the top-ranking novelists of America.

SURGING through Rachel Field's life—increasingly so, now she had become a novelist of distinction—was the rich, warm current of countless friendships with men and women of every interest and profession. Members of the publishing houses which brought out her books, artists who illustrated them, poets, dramatists, actors and actresses, novelists, librarians, booksellers, editors, writers in every field—they were all her friends and admirers. And the staunchest friends of all were her mother and Aunt Kitty, who had both shared her successes from the time she started to be too successful as a youthful seven-year-old actress. Her father had died when she was quite young, her sister had been an invalid for many years, so the close bond between herself and these two women was one from which she drew steadiness and comfort. In the peace and beauty of Sutton Island, as well as in the cottage in Farmington, Connecticut to which they all moved from New York City, they played an important part in Rachel Field's life.

The time was coming, however, when the beloved Maine country which pervaded so many fragrant pages of her best work was to say good-by to her—or perhaps she to it—and to wish her good luck in her new home in California. The patchwork quilts and quaint headstones, the native knickknacks and prints which had found their way into her work, as well as into proud places of honor in "The Playhouse," were to be supplanted by Hollywood and an entirely new life. For the final quality of all those which brought her wish to so happy a fruition was being built up to the climax every girl looks forward to. The poetry of *Points East* and the curious love story of *God's Pocket* showed that Rachel Field's fine gift of creativeness was on the verge of finding the greatest out-

let of all—that of love and marriage. It was at this time that she was working on *Time Out of Mind*; and after its publication she was married to Arthur Pederson on June 20, 1935. Mr. Pederson, tall and gentle, was a literary agent and adviser, and *Time Out of Mind* is dedicated to him.

Their wedding was on the sort of June day whose beauty, Rachel used to say, was "too much. I can't bear it!" And perhaps she thought back to one of her poems:

"And who I was and why I came
"I could not say. My very name
"Was lost to me—I only knew
"Beauty that breaks the heart in two."*

Only about thirty persons—relatives mostly—were present at the wedding, which took place in the chapel of St. George's Church on Stuyvesant Square, in New York City. Just as Rachel and her husband left the church, the sun shone extra hard—she said so afterward—and a friend who knew about a certain fancy of hers saw to it that the tinkle of a hurdy-gurdy on the street outside gave a touch which delighted her.

You will want to know how she looked on that day. Tall and strongly built, she had the white skin which is the envy of girls who do not have auburn hair. It's easy to imagine that hair glinting in the June sunshine, and her gray-blue eyes luminous with happiness. The skirt of her blue crêpe gown gave an extra happy swing as she turned to smile at the hurdy-gurdy man, and to throw him one of her wedding roses. She had the sort of smile that goes deep back into the eyes and warms the person who shares it. Whatever was hers to share she shared in full measure. As she said in *Time Out of Mind*, "No matter how much of my love I spent, there was always more in me than could possibly be put to use."

After a honeymoon in "The Playhouse," where Rachel worked hard on *All This, and Heaven Too*, the Pedersons moved to Hollywood. Here Rachel watched every step of the transformation of *All This, and Heaven Too* from a successful novel into an equally successful motion picture. She reveled in the beauty of California, as she had in that of Maine and Connecticut. Her happiness was complete when tiny Hannah came to her, and there was a child with whom to share the beauty and joy of life. Unfortunately, that happiness was of short duration, for Rachel contracted pneumonia and died after a short illness.

It is with the memory of her at work on the book which brought her to the peak of her fame, *All This, and Heaven Too*, that I would like to leave her now, though a new novel has appeared since her death, *And Now Tomorrow*, which has topped the best-seller lists for many months.

"I want to be wise as the oldest star,
"Young as the waves and grasses are!"

Had she lived, she would have gone on even further toward that goal, for her love for her husband and little Hannah gives us the final reason why her wish came so near to fulfillment.

And surely she would have said to us, as another poet put it:

"You, in your love that was my pride,
"Remember I lived. Forget I died."

*From "Fear is the Thorn," published by The Macmillan Company.

the thought, and fixed Bushy momentarily with a bright, beady, impersonal eye. Then he did one of his most endearing tricks—sitting up on his haunches and reaching his small, pointed hands towards her beseechingly. She never could deny him a peanut at this point, though she feared he was getting to be a bit overweight.

"I really wish," said Mrs. Ryder, putting her head in at the door, "that you'd keep that creature out in the garage, or somewhere else but in your room. I don't think it's suitable."

"If I had a dog," said Bushy, who wished she had, "he'd sleep in my room and it would be suitable. Chiz is much smaller."

"You haven't a dog," Mrs. Ryder countered, "and if you had, he would have to go down cellar at night. Why couldn't your chipmunk live down cellar?"

"He'd be very lonesome," said Bushy, "and so should I. I shall probably let him go soon. He'd be happier, I suppose, in his native hab-hab—oh, well, where he naturally would be living."

Mrs. Ryder breathed a stifled sigh of relief. "Have you seen Lofty's decorations?" she asked. "They're really quite artistic."

"I haven't been favored with an invitation," Bushy said with some hauteur.

"Oh, just look in," her mother urged. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind. He even asked my advice."

"You must feel honored," Bushy observed.

THEY opened Lofty's door and gazed in. The room was indeed transformed. The cot was indistinguishable under a mass of autumn leaves, which also carpeted the floor in some profusion. Scarlet maple branches screened the windows and spread their bright pattern where pictures usually hung. In the middle of the floor stood a veritable, if somewhat undersized, corn-shock, and at its foot sat an immense pumpkin flanked by two smaller ones. A jug of cider, surrounded by a loose heap of nuts, sat in front of the pumpkins—and in paper bags, ready for the morrow, could be seen a quantity of doughnuts and a goodly wedge of cheese. Mrs. Ryder beamed over the ingenuity of her son.

"I really think it's very attractive," she said, "and quite unusual."

"Who's coming?" Bushy demanded.

"Margie Olmsted, of course," her mother told her, "and Loretta, I believe, and Bill Lewis, and—oh, the regular crowd."

"Hmp," said Bushy. "Where does the boy propose to sleep tonight?"

"In the guest room," Mrs. Ryder said. "And he's going to clear all this away himself, of course."

"I should rather hope so," Bushy remarked.

"But don't you think it's really very pretty?" Mrs. Ryder inquired anxiously.

Bushy thought it was lovely—especially the cheese and cider and doughnuts—but she hesitated to exhibit any spontaneous admiration. "Very pretty indeed," she agreed, with a note of reserve. "I never would have thought he had it in him."

"Your brother is really artistic in some ways," Mrs. Ryder said, smiling.

"Maybe that accounts for his temperament," Bushy reflected.

It was before breakfast, the next morning, that Bushy startled the whole household by rushing frantically downstairs with incoherent cries—then frantically upstairs again.

THE AMERICAN GIRL HARVEST HOME

her dressing-gown streaming behind her.

Lofty thrust out a tousled head from the luxuries of the guest room to demand what on earth ailed her, and Mrs. Ryder—with wild, maternal visions of appendicitis, double mastoid, or other sudden horrors—flew out of her room, white-faced.

"What's the matter?" she gasped.

"Has anybody seen Chiz?" cried Bushy in agonized tones.

"You don't mean the rodent has escaped?" said Lofty hopefully. "Cheers!"

"You mean he *has* escaped?" exclaimed Mrs. Ryder. "It isn't cheers at all! Oh, he could do any amount of damage about the house."

"Apparently I didn't hook his cage tight last night," said Bushy mournfully. "Or else he found out how to unhook it himself—he's clever enough. Where can he be?"

"Probably in the kitchen," said Lofty comfortably. "He'd make for some food. That's what would attract him. Have you looked in the pantry?"

"The pantry's closed," said Bushy. "I've just taken a quick look around. I thought I might hear him. Oh, my poor little Chiz!"

"Lofty! What's the matter with *you*?" cried Mrs. Ryder suddenly, for a peculiar expression was solidifying on her son's countenance and in the glassy eyes which were fixed on the half-open door of his own room across the hall.

"Oh, my goodness!" squeaked Lofty. "Food! Oh, I know exactly where the fiendish critter is! My Harvest Festival! My Harvest Home!"

Bushy's jaw dropped. "Suffering caterpillars!" she cried in mingled horror and delight. "A feast he'd think was specially prepared for him!"

"That rodent!" shrieked Lofty, dashing across the hall.

A dreadful thought struck Bushy. "He'll eat too much!" she cried. "Oh, he'll burst! He'll die!"

"I hope he *is* dead!" shouted Lofty heartlessly.

"Who's dead? Eh, what? What?" Mr. Ryder partially clad, and with mixed annoyance, anxiety, and bewilderment upon his as yet unshaven face, followed the other members of his family into the room where the Harvest Festival, apparently intact, was set out in majestic readiness.

"That wretched rat will have ruined everything," cried Lofty. "Everything! Mother, I never did see why Beatrice was allowed to keep it around. Destruction! Total destruction!"

"Why, everything looks all right to me, dear," his mother consoled him hurriedly, gazing about.

Bushy, on hands and knees, was peering everywhere. Not a nut was touched—not a doughnut nibbled; the cheese was without blemish in its waxed paper wrapping. No rustle nor chatter betrayed the presence of any stray chipmunk within the sacred precincts.

Lofty was later for breakfast than any one else, for he had not been satisfied with his sister's search, and carried out a thorough investigation of his own. When it was finished, he closed the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Wherever else that animal is," he announced as he sat down at the table, "he's not going to gobble up my Harvest Home."

"But we must find him, Bushy," Mrs. Ryder urged. "He could do a great deal of harm."

"Something might happen to him," said Bushy anxiously. "Oh, I'll find him! Thank goodness it's Saturday—I can devote the whole day to it."

But the hours revealed no trace of the errant Chiz. Bushy, disheveled and weary, was nearly on the point of tears.

"He must have jumped out your open window, dear, while you were asleep," said Mrs. Ryder encouragingly. "And now he's safe and happy out-of-doors where he belongs."

"I hope so," said Bushy with a sigh.

Her brother's smirk of satisfaction at having saved his festival irritated her. That was all he thought of—his old cheese. And now it was more than ever certain that she would not be invited to partake of the feast which had barely been rescued from the depredations of her pet. Bushy looked decidedly bleak.

Lofty, however, was all smiles when forty-three brought his guests to the front door. It was Margie's characteristically charming idea to sing a harvest hymn as they trooped up the stairs.

"Come, ye thankful people, come,

"Raise the song of harvest home;

"All is safely gathered in,

"Ere the winter storms begin . . ."

Bushy, lurking halfway out of her room, grinned to herself. "She doesn't know how nearly it wasn't safe!" she chuckled.

Lofty, with a pleasantly anticipatory smile, unlocked and flung open the door. There was a composite cry of delighted surprise—and then Margie's voice rose above the others.

"Oh, look—look! The darling thing! Lofty, how could you train him? Or is he stuffed?"

He was stuffed, no doubt about it. Bushy, rushing to peer between the crowding guests, stood open-mouthed in mingled joy, surprise, and admiration. There, perched decoratively on top of the central pumpkin, each cheek distended by a nut, another in his paws, sat the bewildered and sated Chiz. He was rotund, unable to budge. Puzzled by his freedom, bulging with goodies, and now terrified by the large and noisy forms gazing at him, he set up a feeble chattering—as well as he could with his mouth full.

Lofty had grown crimson. "Great guns!" he cried.

"Oh, Lofty," exclaimed Margie, "how could you have thought of such a wonderful touch! It's perfect! But I don't see how you could get him to do it!"

"Some animal trainer, what?" giggled Bill Lewis. "Lofty tries his hand at something different each week."

But Bushy, springing forward unbidden, had, with one continuous and unexpected gesture, snatched the crimson beanie from Margie's curls and clapped it over the cowering and overloaded Chiz. "You darling," she cooed, for his ear. "You must have been too frightened to begin right away. You just hid somewhere, all the time we were searching. You were here all the while. Oh, you dear, naughty, greedy thing!"

Lofty was recovering his composure as it began to dawn on him that the gluttonous Chiz had been mistaken for the crowning surprise element in his decorations. "Er—very cute, yes?" he babbled. "Well, strictly speak-

(Continued on page 48)

LAUGH AND GROW SCOUT



Might Be

LITTLE MARY: Who is Uncle Sam's wife?

LITTLE JOHN: Well, I don't know, but I hear lots of people talking about Anti Aircraft. Maybe she's the one. — Sent by NANCY LEE SHOOLS, El Reno, Oklahoma.

Naturally

The history teacher had just asked the class, "Who were the first Americans?"

"Abraham Lincoln and George Washington," answered one boy.

"No," she said, and the rest of the class looked blank.

"Think hard now," went on the teacher, hinting broadly. "They wore lots of bright feathers, and they came to the very first Thanksgiving feast."

"Turkeys!" shouted the class with one voice. — Sent by JANET BLAKELY, Wichita, Kansas.

Evidence

MAN: What kind of a dog is that?

LITTLE GIRL: Uncle says he's a wire-haired terrier, but I think he's a setter, or a pointer.

MAN: Why do you think that?

LITTLE GIRL: Well, he sits on the kitchen floor all day and points to the icebox. — Sent by JANE RASEN, Millington, Maryland.



Of Course

TEACHER: Why do you think women generally live to be older than men?

PUPIL: Paint is a great preservative, ma'am. — Sent by PATSY MATUSEK, Chicago, Illinois.

The Prize-Winning Joke



On the Farm

A little city girl was visiting her grandmother in the country. She had never seen a live turkey before, and when she caught sight of one with its tail spread, she cried, "Look, Grandma! There's a big chicken in blossom." — Sent by PAT CLEPPER, St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

I'd rather he had that something certain. — Sent by ELINOR WEHL, San Antonio, Texas.



Over Particular

"I'm sorry, madam," said the attendant at the movie, "but you can't take that dog into the theater."

"How absurd!" protested the woman. "What harm can pictures do a little dog like this?" — Sent by LOUISE MOELLER, Newport, New Jersey.

Complaint

CUSTOMER: I want to return this washing machine.

SALESMAN: What is wrong with it, madam?

CUSTOMER: Every time I get into it the paddles knock me off my feet. — Sent by JOAN BENNETT, Haviland, Kansas.

Introduction

At a Thanksgiving banquet, the toastmaster was about to introduce the president of a well known college who was to be the speaker of the evening.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the toastmaster said, "you have just enjoyed turkey stuffed with sage—and now you are about to enjoy a sage stuffed with turkey." — Sent by MARY LOU JORDAN, Waterbury, Connecticut.

Practical

SALLY: Your fiancé is really a charming fellow. He seems to have that certain something.

MAGGIE: Yes, but I'd rather he had that something certain. — Sent by ELINOR WEHL, San Antonio, Texas.

Clip for Your Recipe File

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RECIPE No. 1 (with sugar)

1/2 cup butter, or other shortening
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1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients. Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.

RECIPE No. 2 (no sugar)

1 1/2 cups flour
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup dark corn syrup
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth Bars, cut in small pieces

Sift dry ingredients; cream shortening, add small amount of flour mixture. Beat in egg. Add remaining flour alternately with syrup. Add Baby Ruth. Chill. Drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven of 400° F. for 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from pan immediately. Makes 50 cookies.

See 4-color Back Cover Curtiss Candy Company Advertisement
This Issue



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WINNER of the SEPTEMBER**"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMIC**

Nine hundred and ninety-two girls submitted two thousand, two hundred and fifty-two titles for the eighth "Name-Your-Own Comic" drawing by Orson Lowell, published in the September issue. The prize goes to Jean Robinson, eleven, of Columbia, South Carolina for her title, "The Horse that Came to Dinner." Jean will receive a book as a prize. (When a title is submitted by more than one girl, the prize goes to the entry which was received first in this office.)

Other good titles were *A New Neighbor*; *Hay, Lady!*; *I Ordered a Plug for the Sink*; *Beat It!*; *No Time to Stall*; *Stabilizing the Kitchen*; *Horse-Shoo*; *I Want My Sugar Ration*; and *Day Mare*.

HARVEST HOME

ing, this was not my idea at all. The chipmunk was sort of—er—loaned for the occasion by my sister Beatrice."

Praise and appreciative laughter were now bestowed upon Bushy, who, intent upon returning Chiz to his cage, was sidling toward the door. Margie was being nice about her beanie, but Margie was that way. It was one of the reasons Bushy liked her so much better than most of Lofty's friends.

A hasty inspection by Edward Lofting revealed that Chiz had concentrated upon the nuts, which were his most obvious and natural food. The cheese and doughnuts were untouched, and so were the rosy apples that peeped here and there from beds of bright leaves. With a hand that shook from mingled emotions, Lofty poured cider, and he nobly refrained from open annoyance when almost all the conversation at the harvest festival turned upon the chipmunk, and when his sister was urged to bring in Chiz—safe in his cage—that he might be inspected and admired. Bushy was also plied with cider and doughnuts by Bill and Margie, and Lofty made no comment. Chiz himself, transformed from villain to hero, felt a growing need of sleeping off his indiscreet meal. He put his tail over his nose, his front paws over that, and dropped off forthwith, despite the faces that bent laughingly above his cage.

"The darling!" said Margie.

So Margie thought the rodent was a darling, too, did she? Lofty emitted a tremulous sigh of resignation.

EARLY the following morning, while the Ryder household was still asleep, Bushy walked slowly through the tingling autumn air along a nearby country lane. Under her arm she carried a shoebox provided with several air-holes. Beside a stone wall overgrown with a dry tangle of earlier blackberry vines, she stopped, appraising the spot. There was a cornfield beyond, and, still beyond, a wood raised autumn branches to the morning sky.

SKY-BLUE TRAILER

Still nobody said anything. They were all looking at Minty, to see how she would take it. Minty put down the coffepot and pitcher and came slowly forward. "We don't hate you, Sadie," she said. "I've mended my dress so it looks real well, and Joe says you're a good rider. Come by the fire and get warm. I expect you could use a few of Pop's pancakes after that ride you had this afternoon."

Wildcat looked as if she were going to cry, or to run off again as she usually did when things were too much for her. She stood there uncertainly, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, ready to take off at an instant's notice. But still she stayed. It was almost as if the horse race had jiggled some of the meanness and defiance out of her, and without it she didn't know how to proceed.

At last she said, "There's something I've got to give you first—before I eat your food."

"What?" asked Minty.

"Here—this!" Wildcat's hand thrust out and shoved a crumpled ball into Minty's hand. Roughly she closed Minty's fingers about it, and then stood back as if she had nothing to do with the consequences. Minty opened her hand and looked at the crumpled ball; then she unrolled and smoothed it, and it was a blue ribbon and a ten dollar bill.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"Yes, Chiz darling," said Bushy aloud, "this will do very well. In fact, it's quite near where you came from."

Crouching, she opened the box—and the chipmunk, amazed, cowered still inside, looking up at her furtively with jet-black, unfathomable eyes.

"Don't you want to go?" gulped Bushy, touched by his trustfulness. "Truly, it's better! You've had your Harvest Home, Chiz. And you've had your triumph. Now you'd better go, while there's still time for you to get your winter provisions together. In fact, I've brought along something for you to start on, in case you don't know quite how to go about it."

She emptied a paper bag of peanuts into a cranny at the foot of the wall. At the sound and movement, Chiz sprang suddenly from the shoebox, and Bushy, torn with mixed feelings, stood still, wondering if he would know what to do. He leaped to the nearest stone of the wall, flicking his tail and chipping, and Bushy fancied that he was trying to tell her many things. That the Harvest Festival was good—but this was better; that though he thanked her for daily peanuts and a clean cage, something assailed his nostrils now that roused all the primitive chipmunk in him. This keen, dry air, tingling with leaf smoke and coming frost, coursed through him like a strong current. Instinct, deep and powerful, swept him from nose to striped tail. Seizing a peanut from the little heap and stowing it in his pouched cheek, he whisked into a crevice under the wall and disappeared from sight.

Bushy waited. Yes—he popped out again and snatched another nut. "He's found a hole of some kind already," she said with a sigh. "And he knows what to do. Well, good-bye, *Tamias Striatus*. Good-bye, Chiz darling!"

She replaced the lid of the empty shoebox gently, and then, putting it beneath her arm, she turned and ran, tight-lipped.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"Oh," Minty said. Her eyes began to light up as she looked at the two things in her hand. She was a little puzzled, too. "I'll keep the ribbon," she said, "because I think it's really mine, but the money belongs to you."

"No," said Wildcat, "riding the race was pay enough for me. I've been hanging around stables all my life, trying to get them to let me ride in a real race. They always laugh me down because I'm a girl."

"What made them let you do it this time?"

"It was Zip, really. He heard me begging Sam Murphy for the chance to ride his black, and he said to Sam, 'Well, why don't you let her? You've seen her ride in the clocking races in the mornings. You know she can do it, and you need a jockey.'"

"By golly, Zip, maybe you're right," Sam said. "She can't do more than break her neck and she might win the race."

"Were you scared?" asked Eggs.

"I was scared to death."

"Then why on earth—?" began Minty.

"Maybe you'll think this is funny, coming from me," said Wildcat, "but I've sure been kicking myself ever since I stole your suit, Minty Sparkes. I never thought how mean it was until I saw your eyes, the day I wore it in the fashion show. Gosh! All I wanted was to

get my picture in the paper and let everybody see how I could look if I had a swell outfit. I didn't stop to think—oh well! After I tore it—honest, that was something I never figured would happen—after I tore it, I thought to myself, 'I can't ever look that girl in the face again until I get some money to buy her a new one.'"

"I was planning to buy her a new one with the prize money, too," put in Joe.

"I know, Zip told me that," said Sadie, "but that wouldn't be the same thing. You can see that, can't you? It had to be me that gave the money to her."

"Yes, I can see that," said Joe. "I guess it worked out the best way."

"But really," said Minty, embarrassed by so much generosity, "the velveteen only cost four dollars and ninety-eight cents. I got it at a clearance sale. It was a big bargain."

"The judges said it was awfully well made," Wildcat went on. "I guess it would cost you more than ten dollars if you bought it ready-made in a store. But ten dollars seems to be all I could raise."

Minty still hesitated. One hand held the blue ribbon clutched against her body, the other held out the ten dollar bill to Sadie.

Now Zip spoke for the first time since Wildcat's appearance. His voice had a ring of authority. "Take it, Minty," he said, "and that will clean the slate."

Wildcat threw him a grateful glance. "While I'm making a monkey of myself," she said, "I might as well tell you I'm sorry about your palette, too, Zip."

"Sadie," said Zip, "I've got something in my pocket that belongs to you." He fumbled a moment and brought out the little scratch pad full of sketches.

Sadie's eyes went wide. Then she snatched it out of his hand. "That's mine! It's nobody else's business."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Zip. "I'm making it my business. I'm not much of an artist, Sadie, but I know enough to teach you some of the things you will need to know in order to be a real artist yourself."

"You wouldn't laugh at me?"

"I wouldn't laugh at you."

"I believe you wouldn't," said Wildcat slowly, a kind of happy wonderment beginning to spread across her face. "I believe you wouldn't."

While all of this had been going on, Steve and Madame L'Enigma had been concentrating on Pop's pancakes. Suddenly Steve held up a syrupy fork and waved it in the direction of Zip and Sadie.

"By the way, Zip, what's your real name?"

"Tom Zipora," replied the artist. "Why do you want to know?"

"Got a letter for you," said Steve. "I was in to the general delivery window at the post office to-day, and they gave me a bunch of mail for the Midway fair folks, and here was this one for a fellow named Zipora, with air-mail stamps and everything."

"A letter, Zip," cried Minty. "Oh, open it! Open it!"

Zip wiped a drop of syrup off the envelope and looked it over. "Looks mighty important with all those stamps."

"Oh, Zip, don't keep us in suspense."

Zip tore open the envelope with maddening deliberation. "What time does school begin in Minneapolis, Minty?"

"Day after to-morrow," said Minty breathlessly.

"Looks like you'd be there," smiled Zip.

There it was—a small pink check that

would buy Zip a new car, and Minty would be home in time for school. Even Eggs was delighted, in spite of all she had said about the Ferris Wheel—and, of course, Buster barked.

"But, Zip, we'll always love the sky-blue trailer—always," cried Minty. "It's been the loveliest two weeks."

Zip shook his head dubiously. "I've got used to having a couple of girls to look after me," he said. "What is an old fellow like me going to do without a family?"

"You can visit us, Zip," said Eggs.

Wildcat looked at him shyly. "Maybe you don't know it, but I can cook, too."

"I thought of that," said Zip. "Your dad and I would get along real well together, but then I knew you were planning to go into the movies to put Deanna Durbin out of business."

"I don't lie any more," Sadie told him. "Lying is pretty dumb really. Someone's sure to find you out and it makes you uncomfortable while you do it. Minty doesn't lie."

"You mean you've given up the movies?" Zip questioned.

"If you'd take us in your trailer and teach me to paint, I'd give up anything. But I don't know if you'd trust me after all I've done."

"How about it, Minty? Do you think I should trust her?" Zip asked.

"Yes, Zip, I'm sure you should," said Minty gravely.

"My goodness, folks!" cried Pop. "If you don't commence eating these pancakes soon, they'll have to be 'served coldly forth' like the 'funeral bak'd meats' the poet Shakespeare talks about. And cold pancakes aren't worth a hoot."

"Yes, let's do have our supper," cried Minty, "now that everything's so nicely settled."

Madame L'Enigma arose, her necklaces clanking against her thrice-emptied plate. "Well," she said, "I must say, my spirits never prepared me for this. But it's easier to bear on a full stomach than on an empty one."

She passed her hand lovingly along the side of the sky-blue trailer as if she were relinquishing her last hope of it, and Zip breathed a long sigh of relief.

"Do you think we can get an early start in the morning, Pop?" asked Minty eagerly.

"How about it, Joe?" asked Pop.

"We ought to be able to be all packed up and traveling by nine o'clock, Pop," said Joe, but he was really smiling at Minty.

THIS perhaps explains why Araminta Sparkes was the first student enrolled in her high school on the opening day of the fall term.

"Such a nice, quiet girl," said one of her teachers to another.

"Yes, but just like dozens of others—the sort of girl who is always on time, I should say, and has always done the regular thing in the regular way."

"Exactly. But an attractive girl just the same, in her little green velveteen suit."

There was just one thing to remind a happy Minty of the adventurous two weeks in the sky-blue trailer. Hanging over the sewing machine in her room was a wonderful oil painting, which combined a waterfall, an old mill, a red school house, a full moon, and off in the distance a flaming red forest fire. Printed in black across the white foam of the waterfall was the following inscription:

"With love to Minty from Zip."

"Thanks for the buggy ride!"

A CHALLENGE TO THE MINUTE MAIDS of 1942

By

HARRIET ELLIOTT

Director, Women's Division
War Savings Staff



Make Your Support
BUY WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

MINUTE Maids of 1942!

All over the country, Girl Scouts are proud of that title; just as, all over the country, men and women are proud of the Girl Scouts.

The Secretary of the Treasury has definitely recognized the

Girl Scouts as the Minute Maids of 1942. He has confidence in them because he has faith in their patriotism, in their coöperation, in their enthusiastic energy.

Thrift has long been an important Scout law. Today the nation needs to learn this law; needs to practice it, as the Girl Scouts practice it, quietly and persistently, week in and week out.

It is no new thing for the Girl Scouts to meet an emergency bravely and wisely. In the last war, the organization—then not very old—played an extremely helpful part in the Liberty Loan Campaigns. In this war, the organization—with the same devotion to duty but with larger opportunities for service—is performing a splendid job in connection with the War Savings movement.

History repeats itself—and the Minute Maids of 1942 are helping the Minute Men.

The Girl Scouts' recently established "Victory Fund" is as far-reaching as the national organization, but as personal as each individual quarter, or dime.

This Victory Fund plan—of having every Girl Scout buy and send to the Girl Scout National Headquarters at least one War Stamp—points to a tidy sum of money. And back of the strength of these much needed dollars is the spirit of every single contributor.

The first goal of the Victory Fund is, of course, to help our country to victory. But there is a second aim, too—to help helpless children of other countries. The fund is, therefore, twice blessed.

There are many other ways in which the Minute Maids of 1942 can help—America in her hour of crisis.

They can stimulate interest in War Savings by producing the Girl Scout pageant, VOLUNTEERS FOR VICTORY, which is dedicated to the War Savings program. In this pageant, we see how the generosity of women through the ages has made history—how it strengthened freedom and democracy.

Queen Isabella of Spain, you remember, gave her pearls to Columbus—and this made it possible for him to discover a new world.

They can give their time and their energy generously to help keep the freedom they have inherited.

They can make the little daily sacrifices that the war demands. And because they are Girl Scouts, they will do this cheerfully.

They can buy War Stamps regularly. We don't send bombs and bullets up to the front just "every now and then." We must not send the dimes and dollars that buy the ammunition "every now and then." It must be done regularly.

If every Girl Scout bought only one 10c stamp a month, Girl Scouts would save \$840,000 during the year. This would buy 17 pursuit planes, or 2,270 hospital beds! Just think, if they each saved 10c a week, they could buy four times as many!

Minute Maids of 1942, are you ready to give up the little luxuries so that we can keep the greatest luxury of all—a free America?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

STAMP of APPROVAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"No!" The spectacles were raised questioningly to the man who had followed Midge.

"We've got to get in touch with someone inside this joint," muttered Quentin. "I don't know any of the doctors here, do you?"

"N-no." As Midge hesitated over her answer, the telephone girl spoke mechanically into the instrument. "Dr. Clayton? I will connect you. One minute, please."

"Come on!" Quentin headed for the door. "I have an idea."

"But you just said someone on the inside," she protested.

He waited until the door had shut behind them. "We'll tell our story to that Dr. Clayton, whoever he is, by phone."

They hurried across the street to a stationery store. Inside, Midge gasped. There, at the counter, stood the soldier! He had just paid for a box of cigars.

"Don't wrap them," he was saying to the clerk. "Help yourself. Take a handful."

"Thanks! Under the circumstances, one will do. If it was a bombardier—" he joked.

"I'm satisfied—more than satisfied," laughed the soldier and started for the door.

"Well, this is luck!" exclaimed Quentin, stopping him. "We've been chasing all over town for you."

"Me?" Bewilderment replaced the soldier's beaming smile. "Are you sure? We privates all look alike."

"Don't you remember us?" demanded Midge indignantly, fearing the worst. "We gave you the hitch."

"Oh, you did? Pardon me for not recognizing you. Have a soda on me—both of you."

"We didn't come for a soda." By the timbre of Quentin's voice, Midge knew he too, was angry. "We came to rectify a mistake."

"Mistake?" said the soldier. "There's nothing wrong in this whole beautiful world." He glanced at his watch and pushed past them out of the store. "Sorry, but I must return to the hospital."

"Oh, is that so!" snorted Quentin, flanking him on one side, while Midge trotted along on the other. "I suppose you think it was a lucky mistake for you. Well, you won't get away with it."

"Away with what?" the soldier demanded. "Aren't you the guy who got a hitch with us? And weren't you carrying a box of flowers?" continued Quentin.

"Why, yes! Is that a crime in your juvenile courts?"

"No, but when you left these old flowers—" Midge snatched the box from Quentin and shook it in the soldier's face—"and took my box with twenty-five dollars worth of War Savings stamps in it, that's stealing!"

The soldier paused before a side door of the hospital. "What are you two raving about?" he asked patiently.

"It's just as she says," explained Quentin. "There were two boxes of flowers. Can you deny you bought these roses?" He yanked off the cover, exposing the flowers.

The soldier stared blankly at the roses. "My gosh!" he ejaculated at last. "Then I must have left your box for my wife! I didn't open the box, you understand—I just gave it to the nurse. And then I walked up and down the hall for a year or two, and then—" He broke off suddenly. "Want to come up to the second floor while I get your box back?"

They went willingly. Nothing short of force would have separated them from him.

The nurse near the top of the stairs smiled at the soldier. "I'm afraid you're back a little early, but I'll find out."

"And will you please ask my wife's nurse to bring out the flowers I brought?"

"Why, certainly," she agreed cheerfully, as if she were ready to humor him in any way she could.

"I'll show you two kids something while we're waiting," volunteered the soldier. "It's a sight that'll do you good." He tiptoed down the hall. At the wide glass nursery window he paused. Inside were rows of bassinets, each with its tiny baby wearing nothing but a diaper and a shirt. "See that second baby on the right? She's mine. Margaret."

"My name's Margaret, too," Midge said, her heart softening.

Quentin whistled softly. "Gosh," he murmured, "no wonder you were hot and bothered! We men have a lot to go through."

"I want to ask you," said the soldier, his voice a little husky, "without any kidding,

and not because she's my daughter, but isn't she the prize of the nursery?"

"Yes, she is, all right," conceded Quentin.

"She has more hair than the billiard ball babies," went on the father. "But she hasn't a mop like that baby next to her. Look! Look! Yawning! A few hours old and she knows enough to be bored!"

The nurse returned, carrying a small vase. Midge stretched her neck to see. Was it—could it be?

"Is this what you wanted to see, Mr. Montgomery?" asked the nurse. "It's too clever for anything!"

Hallelujah! A bouquet of War Savings Stamps!

"Clever! I'll say so," ejaculated the young father and pulling one out, he examined it. "She seen it yet?"

"No, she's still asleep, but I'm sure she'll love it," smiled the nurse.

The soldier reached for the box of roses and thrust it into the nurse's hand. "Fix these up for her, please," he said. "There was a mistake." Then he turned to Midge. "I don't wonder you were upset. I apologize for my mistake—I'm awfully sorry."

"That's all right—I'm afraid I wasn't very polite about it," admitted Midge. "I'm sorry, too."

"Now we're all friends, could I buy a few of these War Stamp flowers for my baby?"

"That's what Midge was taking them for, to sell them," explained Quentin. "The bouquets will cost you a dollar apiece."

The soldier stuck the one he held into his buttonhole. "Whom do I pay?"

"Midge. She made 'em. Her own idea."

The man dug into his wallet and pulled out a five-dollar bill. "Thought your name was Margaret. He called you 'Midge.'"

"That's only my nickname," Midge handed the soldier four more poinsettias and her trembling hand closed over the bill.

He grinned at her. "I like the name—I like you, too. Guess I'll call the baby 'Midge' for short."

"She's so little—" Midge blinked back sudden tears as they turned to leave the hospital. It was silly to want to cry when everything was so wonderful. "She's so tiny you might call her 'Midget.'"

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—GEORGE B. LUKS—1867-1933

GEORGE LUKS enjoyed life and painting with such hearty relish that he is usually spoken of as living and painting "with gusto." He was a big, straightforward man who made no compromise with his convictions, recording his rich, human sympathies in his own individual and realistic style. He was born on August 13, 1867, in Williamsport, Pennsylvania of Dutch, French, and Bavarian ancestry. Artistic tendencies came naturally to him for his father, Emil Charles Luchs, a practicing physician, was a clever draughtsman, and his mother, Bertha von Kraemer, was a painter of talent. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia gave him his first training in his chosen field. Later, as his friend, James Huneker, said, he "survived the trying experience" of study in Dusseldorf, Germany. Art circles in London and Paris knew his forthright personality, for he spent some time painting in both these cities. During his stay abroad, he was less influenced by formal work in schools than by his own study of the paintings of other artists, ancient and modern, notably Rembrandt, Hals, Goya, Renoir, and Manet. On his return to America, he began his career as staff artist on the *Philadelphia Press*. In 1896, the *Philadelphia Bulletin* sent him to Cuba, and the next year he joined the staff of the *New York World* where he illustrated news stories and drew caricatures and comic strips. When the sale of his paintings enabled him to do so, he gave up news-

paper work, but between commissions he taught at the Art Student's League and later established his own school.

George Luchs had strong faith in America and in the future of American art. He advised young painters to go to Europe to study originals not available here, but to do their work at home. "In a single city block," he said, "a mile of New Jersey coast, a New England lane, a Pittsburgh factory, or a single Western landscape, the true artist will find enough material to last a lifetime." He, himself, loved to paint the men and women of New York's teeming East Side. Character interested him more than formal beauty, and his keen and sympathetic insight and fine craftsmanship could find beauty even in the sordid aspects of poverty and old age in the slums. Freedom in art was one of his firm convictions. Imitation of classic traditions irked him, and in his own work he was fearlessly independent in style of painting and choice of subject. He was one of the group of young painters known as "The Eight" who, revolting against the conservatism of the National Academy, exhibited together at the Macbeth Gallery in 1908. He had a hand, too, in the much discussed "Armory show" in 1913. As famous as "The Spielers," this month's frontispiece, are his remarkable portrait of the actor, Otis Skinner, and his series of paintings of old women, on one of which, "The Fortuneteller," he was working at the time of his death.—M. C.

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